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GEOGRAPHICAL

MAGAZINE



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David Livingstone and the Zambesi

by PROFESSOR FRANK DEBENHAM, O.B.E.

To celebrate the centenary of a great geographical discovery, a very distinguished geographer defines its relationship to the change which has taken place, since the discoverer's day, in our approach to schemes for the development of Africa. Formerly Professor of Geography at Cambridge, the author was a member of the Scott Antarctic Expedition in 1910-13 and has travelled widely in Africa. His book on Livingstone, The Way to Ilala, was published by Longmans, Green last June

ONE hundred years ago this month (November) David Livingstone discovered the Victoria Falls, but he had heard of them four years before when he first reached the upper waters of the Zambesi in 1851. He then met the renowned chief of the Makalolo tribe, Sebituane, who had resisted successfully the onslaughts of the all powerful Mesilikatze, chief of the Matabele. One of Sebituane's first questions was whether the white men had "smoke that thundered" in their country, a description of the Falls that comes vividly to mind to every visitor to that amazing spectacle of spray mounting high in the air till it can be seen twenty miles away, accompanied by a roar that can be heard five miles away. The description probably lost nothing in the telling, yet Livingstone did not trouble to travel the sixty miles' distance to see it, though he put it on his map of 1851.

Such indifference to a physical feature which could be nothing less than remarkable seems curious and needs explanation. David Livingstone had a passion for rivers, which was not so strange when we remember that he spent his first eight years in Africa in Bechuanaland where there are no rivers and where his ceaseless travelling was severely limited by dependence on water-holes in the sand. We can in fact almost hear a deep sigh of relief in the sentence in his Journal when he, with his friend William Cotton Oswell, came upon the Zambesi River in a part of Africa where no one expected it to be: "A breadth of from 300 to 600 yards of fine, deep, flowing water". Yet, if he loved rivers—the bigger the better—he abhorred waterfalls, and the reason was that, for him, rivers were the means by which he hoped to accomplish his main purpose of "opening up Africa", as he used to phrase it. Every waterfall meant an interruption to water transport, so in his Diary we meet sentences like: "I am sorry to hear that a frightful waterfall

exists in the Kabompo (the Upper Zambesi) and that the Kafue, too, is spoiled by cataracts. My dreams of establishing a commerce by means of rivers vanish as I become better acquainted with them." In a broad sense we may say that his journeys were a tale of glorious discoveries of large rivers nearly always followed later by disappointment when he met impassable rapids on them.

Livingstone knew the Zambesi from source to mouth probably better than anyone, even to this day. His first journey was up to its headwaters when he walked, with his twenty-seven Makalolo (his "cheerful ruffians"), across from Barotseland to the Atlantic Ocean in 1853. In this section of the river there are no falls or rapids worse than the Sioma Falls in Barotseland which vary in their fall between twelve and twenty feet. So, when he discarded his first route to the Atlantic as a means of undermining the slave trade, he looked to the lower Zambesi as a possible route down to the Indian Ocean and followed that instead. It only took the party four days to go from the Makalolo capital to the Victoria Falls and we can imagine Livingstone's mixed feelings when he found that the "Smoke that thundered" was almost beyond description yet was a complete barrier to navigation up or down. At the time he wrote very little in his Journal about the Falls as a scenic phenomenon and all but dismisses its unique character by saying "they are simply the whole mass of the Zambesi waters rushing into a fissure or rent made right across the river". It was not until he reached England in 1856 that, impressed by the thirst for information about the Falls, he wrote more fully in his *Missionary Travels*.

Warned by his guides of the difficult country immediately below the Falls, he took his large party along the higher land to the north-east and so reached the Kafue River, crossing it immediately above the 2000-foot





The Aircraft Operating Co. of Africa

The Victoria Falls are an awe-inspiring sight from any aspect. These pictures show how the mile-wide Zambesi River (above) suddenly plunges into a chasm 300 feet deep and less than that wide. From each end of this chasm the water hurtles to the middle where in headlong collision it rushes down a narrow gorge. (Opposite) The gorge and Falls as seen from the railway bridge below them

gorge which is now, with the Kariba Gorge, so much in the news.

Thence his route bent round towards the main river again, glad, we might say, to get away from these steep escarpments and their attendant cataracts. He writes, as he nears it, "the sight of the river as it winds away to the confluence [of the Kafue with the Zambesi] . . . constitutes as fine a picture as I have seen in Africa. A glorious scene."

He met obstacles as he made his way along the north (left) bank in the form of rough country and threatening chiefs, so he crossed to the southern side. There he found a regular route which bypassed more hilly country ahead but led him fifty miles away from the river and caused him to miss seeing the Kebrabasa Gorge with its rapids. He heard of them in curious terms, very few having ever seen them (a statement true to this day) and wrote: "I was informed of the existence of a small rapid in the river near Chicova; had I known of this previously I

certainly would not have left the river without examining it. It is described as a number of rocks which jut out across the stream."

So he felt justified in writing to tell his Missionary Society that he had found a way to healthy highlands in the centre of Africa, adding "the only impediments I know of being one or two rapids (not cataracts) and the people in some parts who are robbers". Alas, they were indeed cataracts, not rapids, and they all but wrecked his next expedition, in which he had hoped to "have water conveyance to within 1° or 2° (140 miles) of the Makalolo", that is to say to within a few marches of his Victoria Falls.

His own book (*Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries*) and many others since have described the fortunes of that venture, the discovery that the Kebrabasa Gorge was quite impassable by water, the disharmony that ruled amongst the white staff and the deaths by disease that occurred. Here we have only space to say that, in spite

of these difficulties and dangers, Livingstone went all the way up the Zambesi to the land of the Makalolo and back again, using canoes where he could on the return journey. On these, his second and third visits to the great Falls, he persuades himself to write of them with more enthusiasm, but his chief object was to measure and describe them with as much accuracy as the circumstances permitted.

He was determined to miss no more rapids so on his return journey he essayed the difficult country of the gorges which stretches for some eighty miles along the river below the Falls. In so doing he discovered the Chimamba Falls some twenty miles below Victoria Falls, insignificant in height but impressive in volume, a strange contrast to his first discovery. Instead of spreading out to a width of over a mile before taking a plunge of over 300 feet, the Zambesi at Chimamba compresses itself into a gorge only sixty feet wide, curving over a fall of twenty feet in a graceful arc which at flood periods must be

over 100 feet in depth. So difficult of access are these falls that barely a dozen people have visited them in the century that has passed since Livingstone was there.

The party took to canoes as soon as they could use them and it was in such uneasy craft that they shot the rapids of the Kariba Gorge, which will soon become famous for its giant dam. He admits in his diary that they were taking "a considerable risk" in doing so, but makes light of it with the phrase, "waves half filled my canoe and swamped Charley's, but being near shore nothing was lost". They continued in canoes for another 300 miles and took more considerable risks with rapids, ending in an all but fatal one in the Kebrabasa Gorge itself, when Dr Kirk and his crew escaped death by a miracle.

The waterway he had hoped for to Central Africa being closed to him, Livingstone proceeded to examine the rapids of the Shire River and the great lake for which it was the outlet, and to take the first steps that led to the missionary development there and the

Thomas Baines, who depicted himself with sketching board talking to Livingstone's brother by the Kebrabasa rapids, viewed them with the eye of an artist rather than of an engineer. Judging from David Livingstone's verbal description he has somewhat diminished the height of the mountains

By courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society



establishment of the protectorate of Nyasaland.

In his last and fatal journey from 1866 to 1873 part of his purpose and commission was to settle the problem of the watersheds of the Nile, the Congo and the Zambesi. It took him nearly a year to cross the watersheds of Lake Nyasa and the Luangwa River, both part of the Zambesi system, and he spent his last six years outside the Zambesi basin, but wondering not a little which watershed he was in. In actual fact he never got to the basin of the Upper Nile though he thought he had. Indeed he died in the belief that he was very near the true sources of the Nile.

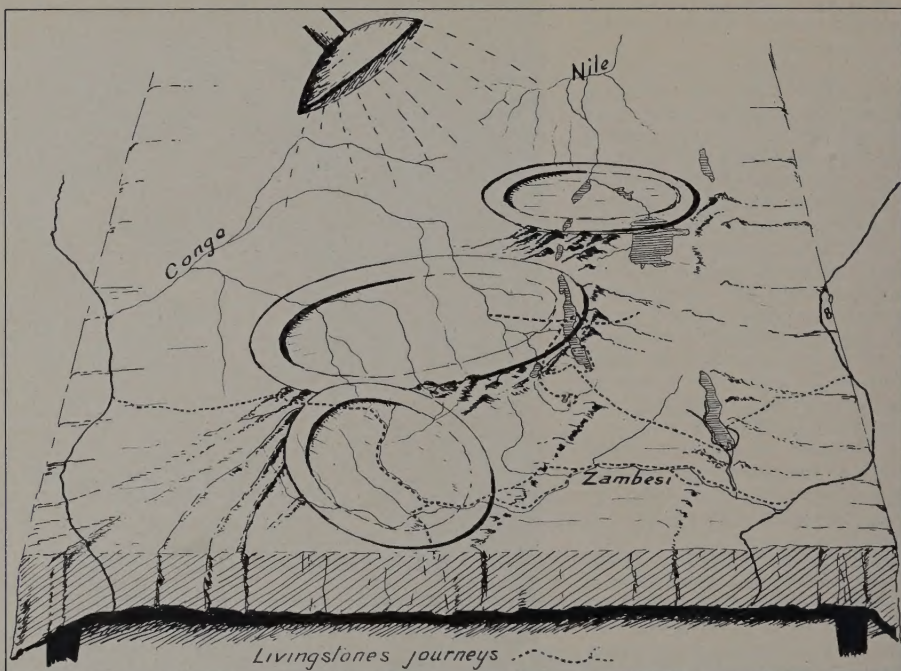
This may seem strange unless we note the sequence of exploration of these rivers. By 1865 Livingstone himself had mapped the greater part of the Zambesi, while Samuel Baker had met Speke just to the north of the present Uganda and between them they had settled to their own satisfaction that they knew where the Nile sources were. No-one had got very far up the Congo from the sea and, since it was there apparently coming from the north-east, its course was very misleading. Livingstone likened the plateau of Central Africa to a huge saucer, and had fairly sound reasons for his simile. We may therefore adopt it and, in the light of modern knowledge, fashion a homely demonstration of how these three great river basins are linked, though it means playing tricks with the neat lay-out of your place at a dinner-table. You take your left-hand (bread and butter) plate, and tilt it towards your waistcoat buttons by rucking up the cloth at its far side. That is the basin of the Upper Zambesi. You then push your meat plate somewhat away from you and by continuing the rucking of the tablecloth you tilt it away from you and to your left. That is the basin of the Upper Congo flowing, there, to the north and west. Finally you take your pudding plate and, pushing it still further away from you, you carry the ridge of rumpled table-cloth round to the right of the Congo plate and bunch it up so that the last plate, representing the Upper Nile, is tilted directly away from you. If now you were to use a watering-pot over your lay-out, the overflow from the Zambesi plate would create waterfalls towards the south-east (the Victoria Falls and the Kafue Gorge rapids), the Congo plate would overflow to the north and west, imitating the myriad waterfalls of the upper Congo tributaries, while the Nile plate would spill over as the Ripon Falls and the Murchison Falls, running away to the north.

You will have wrecked your dinner-table but you may have shown yourself why Livingstone, having gone over the divide between the Zambesi and the Congo plates, was never quite sure whether the Congo plate was not really the Nile one.



By courtesy of the Northern Rhodesia Information Dept

The firm tread and steadfast look of the great explorer-missionary is shown in Sir William Reid Dick's statue, aptly sited at one end of the chasm of the Victoria Falls



The author

The plates tilted on the tablecloth represent the watersheds of Africa's three greatest rivers; and explain why, when little of the Congo was known beyond its mouth, Livingstone thought he must have arrived at the headwaters of the Nile when he reached the middle plate by Lake Tanganyika

Putting the matter in another way, Livingstone might have said, had he lived long enough, that since the Upper Zambesi flowed to the south and east and kept that direction in its lower reaches, and since the Nile system flowed northwards throughout its known course, then the Congo, flowing south-west for its last 300 miles, must come mainly from the north-east. Who could guess at that time that in fact the Congo shaped itself as a gigantic S back to front with the Nile and the Zambesi at its north-east and south-west loopings. Livingstone of course modified his conception of the Zambesi basin as a tilted saucer as he pursued his way down the great river. In fact he would have placed the lip of his saucer at the Victoria Falls and the Kafue Gorge as we do.

After the obstacle of the Kebrabasa rapids had nearly wrecked his second expedition he might have pursued his first simile by saying that the saucer of the Upper Zambesi emptied into a second saucer whose lip was at the Kebrabasa Gorge, and have gone on

to divide his mighty Zambesi watershed, with three saucers, into three parts as did Caesar with his Gaul. At all events we will do so now while we try to view the river as a whole and sketch a rough blue-print for its future development.

Livingstone has recently been called the greatest geographer that Africa has known and one of the reasons for that statement is that he always looked beyond the mere topographical discoveries he made and considered what use they might be to man. It is true that his single and steadfast purpose was to "heal the open sore of Africa", the slave trade, and that his development schemes, as we would now call them, consisted of plans for establishing trade-routes to the heart of Africa, whereby missionaries and traders (as well as, in his heart of hearts, white settlers) could undermine and undersell that iniquitous trade.

Let us, as geographers, follow his sound practice and apply our modern techniques to the Zambesi basin for purposes strange to the

geographers of his day but with the same final object—the benefit of all mankind. It should be noted that we say the benefit of mankind, not merely of the Africans, because the world has grown smaller since Livingstone's day and we may no longer think of a continent as a separate unit trying to be sufficient unto itself alone. In the brave new world we are aiming at and hoping for, the 'take-it-easy' continents, tropical Africa and tropical South America, must play their part in world production of the two essentials, food and raw materials, known to Livingstone, added to what is now becoming even more essential still, Power or Energy, a concept which was naturally rather beyond Livingstone's horizon or he would not have talked of "frightful waterfalls".

Beginning with the uppermost saucer, the Zambesi basin above the great Falls, we still see it with Livingstone's eyes as a land of milk and honey with two great drawbacks, tsetse fly and malaria. Whether we approach Barotseland from the barren Kalahari, as did the great geographer, or from the comparatively infertile belt of the modern railway line, we would share Livingstone's amazement and satisfaction when he heard the inhabitants utter their proud boast: "Here we have no hunger". We would note how the natural irrigation of the annual Zambesi flooding is used by the people there to produce a balanced diet of fish, meat, milk and grain, sufficient for themselves and capable of a surplus available for export could they but get it out of the saucer.

One need not be a great geographer to suggest the remedy, which is contained in the words: "Control the river". Suitably expanded that phrase means controlled irri-

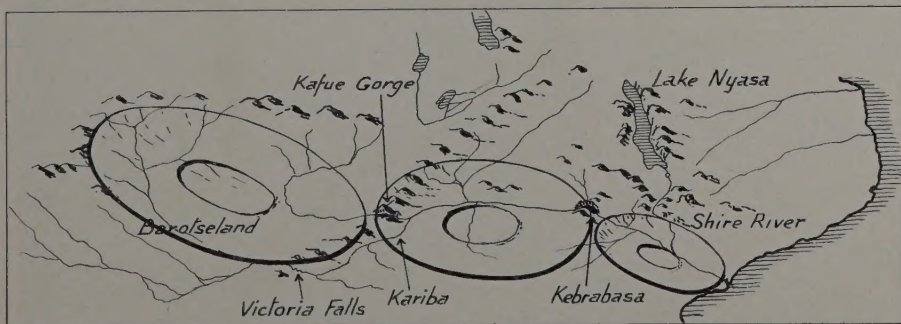
gation replacing natural but variable flooding, canalization round the occasional falls and rapids, backed by the universal need in tropical Africa, reduction of disease. We may well ask why, if engineers and doctors could work such wonders, it has not been done but we can only hint at the answer here. The magnificent concept of the United Nations of the World is still mainly a paper one, thwarted by narrow nationalisms, even tribalisms, and recently racialisms, so that no-one dares act for the good of all lest offence be taken or accusations, true or false, raise their horrid heads and ruin all trust.

All we can say is that some day this development will come and the production of food in the Upper Zambesi basin will be the handmaiden of industrial development in the next section of the river, the spill-over of the upper saucer to the second one.

This sudden descent of all the water that falls in the rainy season on the watershed of the Upper Zambesi and its tributaries is just what worried Livingstone, for it put a complete barrier to his dream of water transport. In practically all Africa's rivers it is the price paid for having a fine, high and healthy plateau for its hinterland—there are no navigable rivers. On the other hand the 'saucer' structure produces the modern hydro-electric engineer's dream in giving him a great volume of water falling through more than a thousand feet over a short distance. In the case of the Kafue River that fall is concentrated over some eight or ten miles. On the Zambesi itself Nature has rather spoiled the picture for the power expert, by precipitating the whole upper river over the saucer's lip in such a spectacular fashion that no-one would, or should,

Here Livingstone's own simile of a saucer for the Upper Zambesi is expanded to show the Victoria Falls and Kafue rapids emptying into a second saucer, which in turn empties at the Kebrabasa rapids into a third saucer; this also receiving the waters of Lake Nyasa by way of the Shire Cataracts

The author



dream of spoiling the wonder-falls of the world by robbing the spectacle of any but a mere fraction of its supply.

The Chimamba Falls, mentioned above, may in time be chosen as a power site for they have ideal conditions for damming though less ideal for conservation of water. Since, as we have said, very few men have yet visited the Chimamba Gorge we may leave it out for the present and concentrate on what is going to be the first of the great Zambesi schemes, the one known as the Kariba.

How Livingstone would have revelled in a scheme of development which will produce a lake more than half as long as his own Lake Nyasa, which will make that 200 miles perfectly navigable, which will at least regulate the lower Zambesi floods and control some of the shifting sandbanks which were the bugbear of his second expedition, and which, above all, will produce about a million horsepower for the industry which will employ the Africans within two hundred miles or so of the huge dam spanning the Kariba Gorge.

In the writer's view the Kafue power scheme, sited only fifty miles to the north,

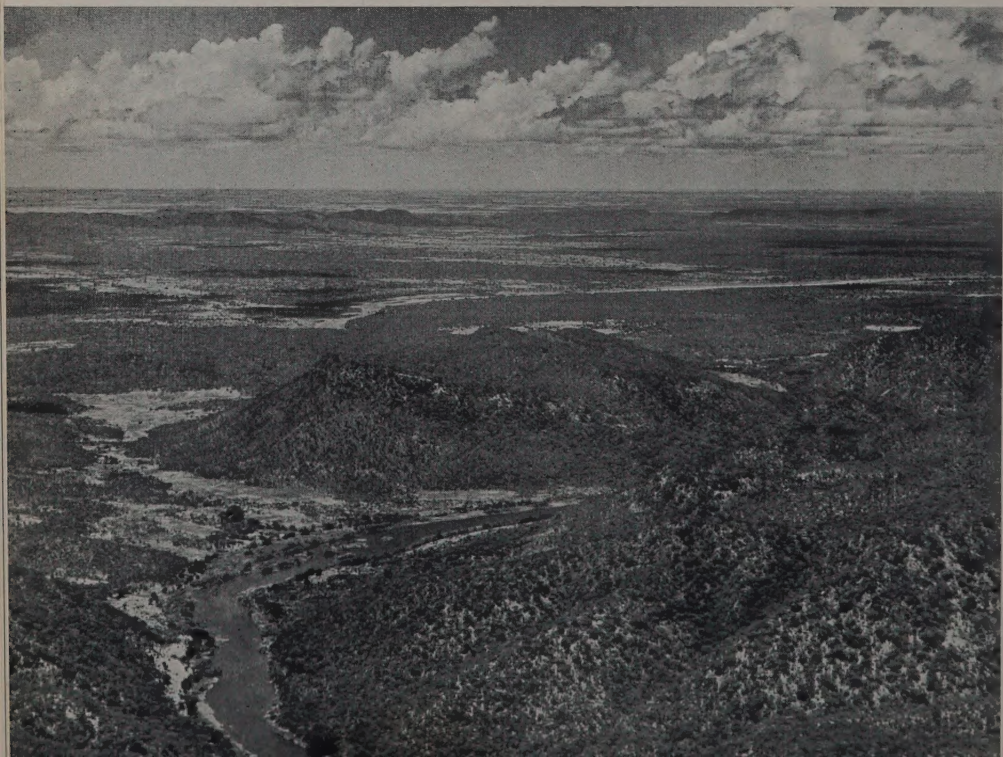
may yet exceed in value that of the Kariba for, though it has but one sixth of the discharge of the parent river, its natural fall is nearly 2000 feet to set against the natural fall of under twenty feet in the Kariba.

Livingstone could not think of these possibilities when he was being swamped as he ran the rapids any more than he saw a future for the Kafue as he crossed it just before it plunged into its own gorge. Yet, as he was the first to view and map these sites, it is to be hoped that his name will in some way be associated with the schemes. Towns, mountains, cataracts and other features already have his name but I believe there is no Lake Livingstone.

The only source of power known to Livingstone was the coal which had driven the looms at which he spent his laborious youth near Glasgow. He found coal at various places on his journeys up and down the Zambesi and astonished his men by showing them how these black stones would burn, "giving off gas like good domestic coal or like toasting cheese". In fact he was the first man to use Zambesi coal for power when he drove

A view taken from the air of the lower half of the Kafue Gorge curving round to the right to open out into the plain of the Zambesi River which runs from right to left across the middle distance

The Aircraft Operating Co. of Africa, Ltd





The Aircraft Operating Co. of Africa

The entrance to the Kariba Gorge from the air. Here a dam over 400 feet in height will create the largest artificial lake in the world, about 200 miles long, which may take five years to fill and will yield up to a million horsepower, as well as controlling the floods on the lower Zambesi

his steam launch with some on his second expedition.

We are now well into the second saucer of the great river and our blue-print for development falters somewhat. It would round off our plan so nicely if we could use the water pouring out of the Kariba power houses for irrigation to grow food for the future industrial population. But there are no nicely graded plains like those of the Sudan Gezira along the Zambesi until we go over the third saucer lip to the wide flats near its estuary. There are, of course, possibilities at this lip for the Kebrabasa Gorge is another invitation to the engineer, a very large river checked in a narrow rocky pass before it descends some 600 feet in twenty to thirty miles. It is so wild and inaccessible that no-one since Livingstone has turned his attention to it or made a survey. Yet the indications are that a dam of less height than that planned for the Kariba Gorge would create an even larger lake. Its level would not be so far below the present rough road bypassing the gorge and a reasonable amount of tunnelling could take

water for power along the depression that was probably the course of the river a very long time ago.

The power potential of such a scheme would be at least twice that of the Kariba, and the control of flooding it would give would permit the planning of sugar and rice plantations on the wide flats a hundred miles further down.

Lastly we may turn from such a distant possibility to a further and more likely project on yet another of Livingstone's discoveries—the Shire River, which is the outlet from Lake Nyasa. Here, with a 1200-foot fall over the thirty miles of the Murchison Cataracts, there are plans for power and irrigation, just recently published.

It is strange to reflect that if and when these schemes are undertaken, the opening-up of Central Africa, the prime object of Livingstone's amazing journeys, will have been carried out by means of the frightful waterfalls and spoiling cataracts which were such an obstacle to that great geographer's plans.

Coventry Renewed

by JAMES TAYLOR

The author of the following account of Coventry's reconstruction has been for twenty-five years associated with the City, first as City Development Officer and later as Public Relations Officer

COVENTRY'S Saxon foundation was an early one and before William the Conqueror displaced the Saxon kings the city could boast the overlordship of the great Earl of Mercia, Leofric, and his wife, the Lady Godiva.

The Earls of Chester, who became Lords of the Manor of Coventry by grant of William the Conqueror, gave to the Burgesses liberties such as those enjoyed by the Burgesses of Lincoln, thus paving the way for the early Charter of Incorporation granted in 1345. This Charter was the first of its kind granted to a city.

At the time of the grant of the Charter of Incorporation Coventry was the fourth city in the Kingdom, a centre of the wool trade, of the weaving and dyeing industries ("True as Coventry blue"), of a vigorous local drama; and it produced wood-carvers of outstanding merit. The city's ancient buildings—St Mary's Hall, St John's Church, Holy Trinity, and, until destroyed by the blitz, the Cathedral—are a witness to the love of beauty and the craftsmanship of its citizens in the 14th and 15th centuries.

Silk-weaving followed the manufacture of woollen cloths, to be succeeded in turn by watch-making (a Coventry watch was the recognized hall-mark of precision). Later still came the bicycle, and it was the inventions of a Coventry man which made possible the "safety bicycle" as it is known today and laid the foundation of one of the city's most successful and prosperous industries. With the invention of the internal combustion engine, Coventry moved on to the motor-cycle and the motor-car. Today, the aeroplane, rayon and nylon, radio and television, machine-tools and agricultural tractors must be added to the list. Tomorrow—who knows?

From the beginning of the present century, when Coventry's population was less than 70,000, it expanded at a tremendous rate; by 1940 it was estimated at 242,000. Then, with the bombing there was a decline but from 1942, in spite of the severe housing shortage, it has increased again steadily so that by 1951 it had reached 258,000—more than a three-fold increase within the half-century, and still it grows!

The rate of natural growth of the city was

intensified by the decision before the war to develop huge "shadow" factories for war production, with the consequent influx of many thousands of armament workers, who had to be accommodated in special hostels. This, together with the losses suffered as a result of enemy air attack, has produced problems in municipal administration of an order far beyond those which any other provincial town has had to face this century.

The city's record of municipal administration stands high despite all the handicaps which have been experienced and its vigour, enterprise and adaptability are exemplified by its recovery from the effects of enemy attacks and its bold planning for the future.

The historian will perhaps, however, say that one of the greatest achievements of the Coventry of the 20th century was in assimilating tens of thousands of immigrants, drawn to the city by its reputation as a place where men of skill and enterprise could make their way, and engendering in them a real civic consciousness and pride.

The housing problem even before the war had been a serious one. Wartime destruction aggravated the difficulties: 4330 houses were demolished and over 50,000 of the remainder damaged, though capable of repair. A short-term programme was immediately commenced in the form of temporary prefabricated bungalows, the rebuilding of war-damaged houses and the conversion of war workers' hostels as temporary housing accommodation. At the same time, a long-term programme envisaging entirely new 'neighbourhood units' was planned, and the building forces of the city were geared to a programme which included permanent prefabrication and new ideas of construction.

The housing problem in the city is yet far from solved, but the list of those waiting for accommodation has been reduced somewhat and the results of the long-term planning are now becoming apparent.

The need for additional schools has been second only to the urgent demand for housing accommodation. The education service suffered severely from war damage, and its immediate short-term task was restoration and to make extensions to existing schools. The



Keystone Press Agency

The story of Lady Godiva's ride through the streets of Coventry 900 years ago—perhaps with that of Alfred and the burning cakes the most familiar legend in the tale of English history—is commemorated by her statue in the splendidly rebuilt Broadgate: a symbol of Coventry's long and worthy heritage. The city's first charter was given in 1153; its tradition of craftsmanship, established in the Middle Ages, lives on in the present skills of the men who send its products over the world



From the author



The Coventry Evening Telegraph

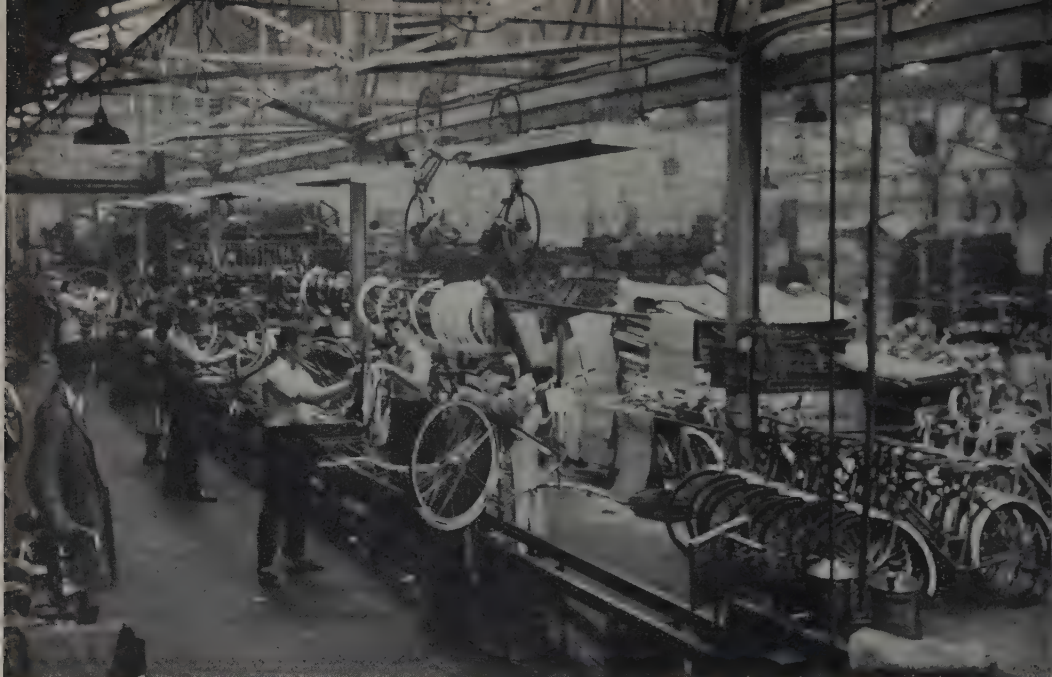
On the night of November 14, 1940, Coventry acquired a new and melancholy distinction through being the first English city to receive the full brunt of the "blitz". Its whole centre was gutted; of its beautiful Cathedral only part of the walls and the spire remained; houses, schools, shops and administrative buildings were demolished. (Above) Broadgate after the bombing. (Left) His Majesty King George VI inspecting the ruins of the Cathedral during his visit to the city immediately following the air raid. (Opposite, top) Broadgate has been rebuilt with imagination and good taste. The new city centre is quite rightly an object of civic pride, and the City Council has made admirable use of its opportunity to scrap the haphazard accumulation of years and start afresh, having itself undertaken a considerable part of the reconstruction. (Opposite, bottom) The new Cathedral, planned in a contemporary style, has been designed by Mr Basil Spence to respect the proportions and character of the old one, the ruins of which are to be retained as an open space and as a reminder of what Coventry suffered in the war



The Coventry Standard



By courtesy of Basil Spence and Partners



by courtesy of the Coventry-Eagle Cycle & Motor Co., Ltd

The flagging fortunes of 19th-century Coventry were revived by the invention of the "safety bicycle"; its present prosperity has sprung from the manufacture of bicycles and later of motor-cars and aircraft.

(Above) The Coventry-Eagle company's production line. (Below) Preparing Hillman Minxes for export



by courtesy of the Rootes Group Manufacturing Division



P. W. & L. Thompson, by courtesy of the City of Coventry Architect's

Coventry has had both to meet housing needs due to the devastation of World War II and to accommodate tens of thousands of workers for its expanding industries. A long-term housing programme of 'neighbourhood units' embodies different types of houses or flats for families of varying sizes

long-term programme sought to solve the accommodation problems first of primary, then of secondary schools and further education. Five thousand school places were lost during the war, but, since 1945, a total of over 20,000 school places has either been provided or will be supplied by schools at present under construction.

The vigour with which Coventry attacked the problem of central reconstruction is demonstrated by the fact that in 1941—in the middle of war—the City Council appointed a special committee which it charged with the duty of replanning the central areas.

The Committee was encouraged to plan boldly and around Broadgate—the traditional heart of the city—it made provision on the one hand for the main shopping and commercial centre and on the other for cultural and civic needs, the whole to be circumscribed by a new ring road designed to relieve traffic congestion in the central areas by encouraging a free circulation of traffic around them.

One of the novel features of the reconstruction scheme practically now completed is the

Precinct, a broad pedestrian way which will provide shops and showrooms on ground and first-floor levels, the latter to be reached both by external staircases and by lifts inside the buildings. Arcades and canopies afford protection to the shopper.

Sites have been provided for a new central library, swimming baths, police offices and law courts, an art gallery and museum, a civic theatre, a group of buildings for adult education and a city hall.

Despite the seemingly never-ending post-war shortages of materials, labour and finance, substantial progress has been made with commercial buildings in the new central square: a department store, shops and a most modern hotel are now open and the pattern of the new commercial area is beginning to emerge. In addition, a central college of art and technology has been constructed and new administrative offices for the municipal council are now occupied and a start has been made on the new cathedral.

Much has been accomplished in the last few years, but more—far more—remains to be done before the city realizes its ambitions.

Portugal's Permanence in Africa

by MICHAEL TEAGUE

Last year an Oxford University Expedition spent three months in one of the less-known parts of Africa, the Portuguese colony of Angola. The team, which comprised a geologist, a zoologist, a botanist and a historian (the author) worked in the south-west corner of the colony. The author, taking advantage of his position as the least preoccupied member of the party, went north for a time to photograph some of the historical monuments of Europe's oldest settlement in West Africa

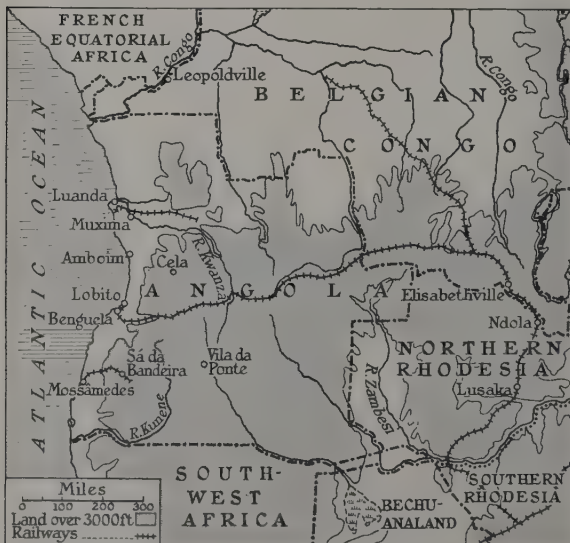
THE large illuminated sign seemed to hang suspended from the night sky. In bright, flickering letters it announced "*Aqui continuamos Portugal*". At the time the true significance of the statement "Here we continue Portugal" was lost on us. Yet the sign, which had been erected temporarily by Lobito's Municipal Council to welcome the President of Portugal to Angola last year, did hint at the truth about Portuguese colonization in Africa. During the course of our travels in Angola we were to discover for ourselves the full force of the meaning behind the rather flamboyant advertisement, which had greeted us on our arrival in Lobito Bay.

The history of Angola was my special field of interest on our Expedition, but I arrived there sadly ignorant of my subject. There

are few modern works on the early Portuguese settlement of the country, so I spent the voyage out wading through a large 18th-century volume, which was as fantastic as it was fascinating. Nevertheless it did serve to impress upon me the antiquity of Portugal's stay in Africa. The Portuguese first came to Angola in 1482 when Diogo Cão discovered the mouth of the River Congo; and although the history of the colony does not really begin until 1575, when Paulo Dias de Novais founded the city of Luanda, Angola remains Europe's oldest settlement in West Africa.

For three centuries the colony remained undeveloped because it was valued by the Portuguese Crown merely as an inexhaustible purveyor of slaves for the Brazilian sugar plantations, whose labour requirements were enormous. The slave trade was the *raison d'être* of Angola and 'occupation' of the country was limited to founding the minimum amount of settlements to ensure the constant supply of slaves and to maintain a defence against the hostile tribes of the interior. In fact until the middle of the 19th century, when the abolition of the slave trade by Portugal forced settlers to open up and try to develop the hinterland of the country, the Portuguese controlled Angola through the two coastal settlements of Luanda (1575) and Benguela (1617) and a string of fortified garrisons up the River Kwanza. Of these Muxima (1589) and Massangano (1583) were the most important.

But even in the days when Portugal's control over the country was weak and coloni-



A. J. Thornton



All Kodachromes by the author

(Above) The fortress of San Miguel dates from the first Portuguese settlement in Angola in 1575. It was greatly enlarged in the 18th century. Squatting upon a rocky promontory, it still stands guard over (below) the city of Luanda and its magnificent bay, which is one of the finest in Africa





Time and Africa have not destroyed all the relics of Luanda's past, although what remains is but a fraction of what once existed. An account of the city in 1687 lists over twenty churches and convents. Today, sandwiched between blocks of modern flats and offices, one can still come across a 17th-century church proudly displaying its elegant façade—a rare sight indeed in the historical barrenness of Africa. One of the most noticeable features about the Portuguese in their colonial activities was their ability to build permanently and well; and within the scope of limited resources this feature was as apparent in Angola as it was in Brazil or the Far East. (Left) The church of the Carmelites in Luanda, which was built in 1691, has a finely decorated doorway of carved stone, imported from Madeira. (Below) Beyond the sugar-pink Archbishop's Palace can be seen the Jesuit College, which was built in 1600 and has been abandoned since 1833.



zation was limited both by poor resources and the indifference of the Crown, the Portuguese succeeded in making their occupation a permanent and lasting one.

Luanda, the capital, illustrates this well. It is essential to approach this lovely city from the sea and see it in the setting in which travellers in the 17th and 18th centuries always depicted it; only then is the full beauty of its layout brought home to one. Luanda is unique not only for its lovely setting but for its great historical interest. It was the only 17th-century European settlement in West Africa which was built as a city. Its beginnings were humble. Novais' original settlement only comprised a fort, two churches, a hospital, a governor's 'palace' and the mud-and-thatch dwellings of the 700 settlers who had come out with him. From the outset, however, Luanda grew as a city, built on the traditional Portuguese pattern of an upper and a lower town connected by narrow, winding streets known as *ladeiras*. By the middle of the 17th century churches, administrative offices and private houses had spread over the upper town and along the sea-shore. Luanda's old buildings were not pretentious but they

were solid and well-built. Lack of building materials and skilled craftsmen necessitated simple constructions, which relied for effect on the beauty of their proportions rather than a wealth of detail and ornamentation. They were, in fact, the poor relations of their counterparts in Brazil and in a 'bush' style they reflected some of the architectural richness and beauty of 17th-century Bahia and Rio de Janeiro.

Luanda's social life, like its architecture, was a poor imitation of that enjoyed in the more important colonial centres of the Portuguese Empire. It showed many of the features which were characteristic of Portugal's colonization from Brazil to Macao . . . the same lazy, rather vicious existence bred by a total dependence on slave labour and the same curious blend of contrasts, which resulted from the close relationships the settlers maintained with the natives: sensuality and sexual licence with the rigidity of the Portuguese social code, the display of European finery out of doors with the maintenance of native simplicity within. The ladies of Luanda, like their Goanese sisters, were carried to Mass on Sundays in curtained

Missionary activity, which for over three centuries was mainly confined to Luanda and its environs, has now expanded throughout the colony. Here at the Catholic mission at Vila da Ponte the Fathers have planted groves of orange trees, which give the place a pleasantly Mediterranean air





Beneath the jacaranda trees at Sá da Bandeira three figures in pinafores come trudging back from school. On the left a young African watches them pass with interest: his chance of receiving more than the most elementary education is small



At the village school of Humpata a European, a Mulatto and an African pupil were selected to pose for the kind of picture that advertises one aspect of Portuguese colonial rule; but although the school had plenty of the first two types, only one African could be found to complete the trio

hammocks (*machilas*), dressed in faded brocades and followed by a retinue of slaves bearing prayer-books, cushions and fans. The rest of the week they would lie around the house in a cotton sari (which the native women of Luanda still wear today) whiling away the long hours of their secluded life in gossip and the enjoyment of a cuisine more African than Portuguese. Few Portuguese women came out to Angola, although Luanda received its quota of "*orfãs d'el-Rei*"—those pathetic bands of state orphans who were sent out to all parts of the Portuguese Empire to wed settlers. Mixed marriages were encouraged by the Crown, as indeed they had been ever since Albuquerque's governorship in India, but concubinage seems to have been more popular with the type of colonizer who came out to Angola.

Life in the colony, despite the limited amenities it enjoyed, was hard. The climate was trying and there were few opportunities for making a decent living, since everything was subjected to the interests of the slave trade. Unlike Brazil there were no plantations or even agricultural holdings of any size.

Garrison life for the soldier meant endless punitive expeditions against the tribes of the interior and years spent sweating out the days in cramped little forts up the Kwanza. The fact that the Portuguese Crown considered Angola a suitable penal colony for the undesirables of both Church and State did not help matters. Profits derived from the slave trade allowed contractors, Crown officials and missionaries to maintain some degree of style in Luanda, but many settlers lived in humble households where it was often difficult to tell where Portugal ended and Africa began.

Nevertheless the process of projecting the historical background, the constitutional set-up and the cultural patterns of Portugal was carried on as far as Africa and adverse conditions allowed. Although Portuguese values were sometimes distorted, particularly when complete stagnation seized Angola in the 18th and 19th centuries, they were never lost.

These values have taken on a new lease of life today. Angola is now Portugal's largest and most important African possession. From the original small settlement the colony has been enlarged to a territory equivalent in size

to the combined areas of France, Italy and Spain. Nor is it any longer the backwater it used to be. After centuries of neglect Angola is enjoying a new prosperity. This is due to the rise to power of the New State in Portugal, the improvements made in the colony's administration and finances by Dr Salazar, the development of diamond deposits in the province of Luanda and a boom first in sisal and now in coffee. The recent discovery of petroleum deposits near Luanda may well have the most far-reaching results of all.

Stand today on the island of Luanda, which forms the natural breakwater to its magnificent harbour, and the city across the bay glitters as though new. It has in fact grown considerably in the last few years and now modern villas and offices mount the hills, layer on layer, in the haphazard fashion of Portuguese towns. Only a few church towers define the limits of the old part of the city. The past is vividly recalled by the massive fortress of San Miguel, which dates from the original settlement. Today, resplendent in a fresh coat of salmon-pink paint, it still stands guard over city and bay from the rocky out-

crop which Novais chose as its site centuries ago. It is a pity that many vestiges of the early settlement have vanished: the lovely waterfront arcades, for instance, which were reputed to be as fine as those of Rio. The remains of old Luanda today are but a fragment of what once existed. But one can still climb up some of the old narrow streets, which the Cadillacs of the coffee kings cannot negotiate, and pass private houses dating from the 17th and 18th centuries. Most of them are in a deplorable state of decay, with their walls crumbling and their elegant wrought-iron balconies rusting away. Some of them have, however, been restored recently. The Portuguese are only just beginning to realize that, in a continent which has always tended to swallow up the traces of its history almost as fast as these were imprinted, they have a unique heritage in Luanda's old buildings and to take steps to ensure their preservation.

Another factor which has greatly assisted the development of the colony has been the completion of the Benguela Railway, which runs from the Atlantic to the Belgian Congo. Built largely with British capital this great

Girls of the M'Huila tribe, wearing curious coiffures which denote their respective age-groups, blend into the almost European backdrop of Humpata's cornfields. The hooped disc on the back of the head signifies a marriageable wearer. So plain a declaration avoids misunderstandings!





An equally exotic coiffure is that favoured by the M'Humbe, a neighbouring tribe. Wings of plaited sisal emphasize the curved crest of shaven hair, decorated with strings of beads. Owing to the Government's attempts to prohibit the wearing of native dress, this fashion is now rarely seen

engineering feat was begun in 1902 but not finally completed until 1931. Today it serves as a vital link with the heart of Africa and is particularly valuable because it provides an easy outlet to the coast for the uranium, copper and other high-grade ores of the Congo and Northern Rhodesia.

But the prosperity of the country, which is so strikingly manifest in Luanda's rapid growth, is in some ways deceptive. Angola is essentially an agricultural country, for, although it remains one of the largest undeveloped areas in Africa, it derives the bulk of its wealth from the products of the soil: from sisal, maize, sugar, cotton and above all from coffee, which accounts for 54 per cent of the value of the country's exports today. In the Benguela Highlands and in the north of the colony, which are the main coffee-producing

areas, the plantations are making handsome profits. It is to the large plantation owners and the companies and societies, who have the capital to cultivate coffee, sugar and sisal on a large scale, that much of the present-day prosperity of the country is due.

There is, however, another type of European farmer in Angola: the poor peasant. With a very small holding and no capital he scratches a living from the land by cultivating cereals, vegetables and fruit. He belongs to a class of immigrant which has been coming out to Angola for many years to work as fishermen, petty traders or small farmers. They give the appearance of being 'poor whites' but they have not necessarily fallen on hard times; they are merely maintaining in Africa the same standard of living they had been used to in Portugal itself. Consequently



Muxima on the River Kwanza was originally founded by the Portuguese in 1589 to serve both as an entrepôt for slaves and as a garrison post against the inland tribes. Today its 17th-century church and fortress bask in somnolence, their reflections unbroken by the smoothly-flowing river

it is they who give emphasis to the theme of "continuing Portugal" in Angola today. Many peasant families have been in the country for generations. This is particularly evident up on the Huila plateau, which was first settled by colonists from Portugal, Madeira and the Azores towards the end of the last century. In a region which is scenically beautiful and agriculturally undeveloped they have recreated the atmosphere of rural Portugal.

We saw this very clearly in Humpata, a village situated high up on the Chella escarpment, some twenty miles from Sá da Bandeira, the capital of Huila Province. Humpata was our centre for most of the time we spent in Angola. There all the farmers' holdings are, for Africa, minute. Corn is grown, citrus fruits are cultivated and a small amount of dairy farming is carried on, but nothing is done on a large scale and agriculture only provides the barest of livings for the settlers. The fact that Humpata is a poor village probably accounts for its all-pervading Portuguese atmosphere. The houses of the farmers are simple but roofed with tiles and whitewashed

in attractive colours. The Portuguese quality of the scene invariably impressed us as we went to fetch the bread and milk from the village in the mornings. A farmer in a wide *sombreiro* would be driving his overloaded donkey up the shaded village street, while his wife, wearing carpet slippers, set off to do her shopping and his children in their white pinafores went barefoot to school. Africa presented charming contradictions to such a scene. Against a background of corn and poplars, a line of negresses would go swinging past carrying water from the well or in an orchard one would catch a glimpse of a native girl, gaudily decked out in beadwork and with an extraordinary coiffure made out of red ochre, mud and tin-tacks perched upon her head, meditatively picking oranges. It so happens that in this, the most 'Portuguese' area of Angola, the native tribe who live there are more exotically dressed than any other in the colony. It is a great pity that the Government is attempting to prohibit the wearing of traditional native dress in Angola; although as yet the prohibition only applies to the towns.

Portugal in Africa today is by no means merely a study in contrasts. The old mixing process, the absorption and integration of Africa into the pattern of colonization, still goes on. But between the theory and practice of Portugal's native policy the gap begins to widen. The Portuguese have always maintained that they are the heirs of the Roman colonial tradition and that merit and not colour distinguishes their native subjects in their eyes. They point to the existence of 30,000 *assimilados* (i.e. Africans considered sufficiently civilized to be granted full rights of Portuguese citizenship) in Angola to prove their point. There is some truth in this claim; but a colour bar, although a subtle one, has always existed in Portugal's overseas territories. Today in Africa it shows signs of becoming less subtle. The test for assimilation grows harder and the administration gives no indication of softening its attitude to non-assimilated Africans (of whom there are some 4,000,000 in Angola) particularly with regard to what the Portuguese Colonial Charter calls the "dignity of labour".

Not far from Luanda, on the River Dande, the large hydro-electric scheme of Mabubas, which was opened by the President of Portugal last year, is a symbol of new and active economic development in modern Angola. Similar schemes are planned for other parts of the colony in the near future

All photographs by the author

Underlying the rigidity of practice, which in many ways makes a mockery of the theory behind Portugal's native policy, lies the move to make Angola a "white" colony: a vent for over-population in Portugal itself. This move is as yet in its early stages but it is growing fast. Angola has become the Eldorado of many a Portuguese peasant. Emigrants are flooding into the country at the rate of 5000 to 6000 a year. Most of them arrive expecting far more than the country can give at the moment. Nevertheless new development programmes are planned to cope with the situation. They cover a wide field and emphasize in particular the development of natural resources and the opening-up of new areas of settlement. Most of these proposals still remain only on paper but a start has been made. The opening of the great barrage of Mabubas outside Luanda by the President last year was generally accepted as marking the commencement of a new era in the colony.

Perhaps the most interesting of the proposed new developments is the plan to settle some 7000 Portuguese emigrants in the valley





One of the best-managed estates in Angola is the large sugar plantation of Cassaquel outside the port of Lobito. It employs over 5000 workers, many of whom are housed in model villages such as the one shown here, which from a distance look as formal as rows of neatly stacked pepper-pots

of the Kunene River when the barrage at Matala has been completed. The Portuguese Government is to pay for the passage of the settlers and their families besides supplying their houses, land (some of it already planted), tools and livestock. A similar *colonato* is planned in the valley of the Kwanza. A small-scale settlement on those lines has already been started at Cela on the Amboim plateau. Some two hundred settlers were established there last year, each with a holding of between 16 and 20 hectares. One of the unique features of the settlement, and one which the Government proposes to adopt in the large-scale ventures as well, is that all the work has to be done by the settlers themselves. No native labour is employed at all. If these *colonatos* succeed they should greatly raise the standard of living of a class to which Angola has offered little in the past.

Terra de Esperança (Land of Hope) is the title of the latest book on Angola. The coun-

try has a long way to go yet before it earns such a title. The problems which confront the Portuguese there are many; and when a native urban proletariat develops, when the question of alienation of native lands arises and, most important of all, when the tom-tom of African nationalism is heard in the land, those problems may well become acute. I asked a Portuguese farmer what would happen if Mau Mau broke out in Angola. He looked surprised at such a question. "But Senhor", he said, "we would never allow it to begin."

I cannot help feeling that the Portuguese, with their unique understanding of Africans and their individual approach towards the problems of colonial life, will succeed in "continuing Portugal" and successfully assimilating Africa into the process. What is clearly apparent is that Portugal is in Africa to stay. The first of the European nations to arrive in West Africa, she would certainly be the last to leave.

Cape Cod, an American Symbol

by THOMAS H. LINEAWEAVER III

CAPE COD, that scrub-matted, sandy peninsula which juts seaward from Massachusetts, is a mere seventy-by-ten-mile blob hooked to the vastness of America. Yet it enjoys a niche in American history decidedly out of proportion to its size.

Although Plymouth nearby on the mainland was New England's nurse, the Cape gave birth to it and that was fate.

On November 11, 1620, the Pilgrims sighted Cape Cod and promptly altered course to the southward. Their intended destination was near the mouth of the Hudson River, but they never made it. Half-way "up Cape" they eyed the surf thundering across the Ile Nauset sand-bars and turned back to anchor in what is now Provincetown harbour. There the famous Mayflower Compact was signed and there William Bradford scribbled a gloomy albeit fairly accurate description of their predicament—and of Cape Cod itself.

And for the season it was winter, and they that know the winters of that cuntry know them to be sharp and violent, and subject to cruell and feirce storms—Besides, what could they see but a hidious and desolate wildnes, ful of wild beasts and wild men? and what multitudes ther might be of them they knew not. . . .

The *Mayflower* contingent did not discover Cape Cod. No-one knows just who did. Bartholomew Gosnold out of Falmouth, England, named it in 1602; logically, since he had just made an impressive catch of cod-fish. Before him many others including Captain John Smith, Champlain, the Cabot brothers, and probably the Vikings had touched there. None stayed. For the most part they were adventurers with both eyes peeled for treasure and Cape Cod was remarkably treasureless.

The Pilgrims were certainly adventurers although not in the old tradition. Their prime concern was to settle where they could indulge their religious bent without interference. Cape Cod, as Bradford observed, looked quite uninviting, but after sixty days at sea all hands were inclined to call the voyage to an abrupt halt. The Cape was at least free

land, dry land, and they elected to look it over.

For one unhappy month the Pilgrims explored Cape Cod. The weather was dreadful. Food was scarce and the Indians cranky. A rare cheerful note was struck by the squalling of Peregrine White, first English child born in New England. Finally, Miles Standish sailed the *Mayflower's* small boat through a full blizzard to investigate Plymouth off-Cape. The rest is history. When the Pilgrims settled Plymouth, New England's survival was assured. The Ile Nauset sandbars have long since been pounded out of existence by the sea, but they served an historic purpose.

Before long the Puritans returned to tame the Cape Cod which had so discouraged them. Its land proved fertile, great marshes furnished salt and hay, and timber was everywhere. The town of Sandwich sprouted in 1637. Yarmouth, Barnstable, and Eastham followed. 1644 saw half of Plymouth's population desert to Nauset. For a while Cape Cod 'called the shots' in colonial politics.

Though Puritanism did not encourage freedom, government in a wilderness is by necessity somewhat elastic. Towns edged away from central authority and the rigid theocracy became less unrelenting with the influx of new blood. Through all constraints New Englanders nurtured a desire for independence which was notably fulfilled in 1776.

As the colony expanded, tiny Cape Cod was shoved off the centre of the political stage, but it went on to play even more substantial and romantic roles in the American drama.

The colonists were farmers, not sailors. But, like Everest, the ocean was "there" and Cape Cod has come to symbolize much of the nation's seafaring glory.

First, Cape Codders invented whaling and thanks to the whales never left dry land to do it.

The Cape's tricky sand-bars were unpleasant navigational hazards for ships and whales. Countless vessels have foundered on them and a shipwreck is no unusual event in Cape Cod today. A whale-wreck is, but in



All photographs, except two, by the author

The fishing fleet at Chatham, Cape Cod, rests inside sandbars such as those which in 1620 turned the Pilgrim Fathers back, on their way southwards, to anchor in what is now Provincetown harbour

colonial times whale after whale bumbled aground. Then down went plough and hoe while farmers bickered over who had the right to 'render' the misdirected spouters.

Soon Cape men were giving the whales a strong thrust toward disaster by herding them into shoal water with small boats. From that to harpooning in Cape Cod Bay was only a short step. And finally, as local whale supplies dwindled under this onslaught, the erstwhile "shore whalers" built stouter craft and from Truro, Wellfleet and Provincetown chased their oil-rich prizes into the world's far corners.

About 1690 Cape Cod tutored Nantucket in the whys and wherefores of whaling. New Bedford learned it from Nantucket. When the last New Bedford whaler, the *Wanderer*, foundered in 1928, that Massachusetts city ended a long reign as the unchallenged capital of American whaling.

Nantucket and New Bedford may have outstripped the Cape in whaling, but as a breeding-ground of crack deep-water sailing skippers the Cape was second to none.

18th-century overland travel from the Cape to Boston was a rugged, uncomfortable proposition. Furthermore, as a salt producer and consumer Cape Cod had a marketable surplus. Both problems were solved by a fleet of packet-boats. Cape-owned, built, and manned, these schooners were a testimony to the shipwrights' skill.

Beyond inflating Cape Cod's collective ego the packets served a more important purpose. Unlike fishing-smacks or whalers, they were designed for speed and only a top-notch sailing man could flog out that last knot. It was on the packets, then, that Cape masters developed a command of sail prized by ship-owners in every port. Large vessels were mismatched with Cape Cod's shallow water, but

The Pilgrims' fortuitous choice of a first landing-place gave New England its place in history. Cape Cod's early settlers were farmers and they found the land fertile, though the winter climate was hard. Great stands of timber were a further asset until both it and the soil gradually became exhausted





(Above) When their farm-land was exhausted, Cape Codders turned to the sea for a living. In this churchyard near Truro, as elsewhere, many of the headstones record the toll it took. On one are the names of three brothers all lost: the oldest twenty-three. (Left) Settled by the freedom-loving albeit violently sectarian Pilgrims and their followers, Cape Cod towns are notable for their churches. Today sectarianism is a thing of the past and all creeds enjoy the independence that early New Englanders sought for themselves. The Congregational Church at Falmouth, built in 1708, is a fine example of Cape architecture

Cape mariners, packet-bred, could and did skipper them from other ports. Traders, nimble-footed Liverpool packets, clipper ships, Cape captains sailed them all. Barnstable, only one of many similar Cape towns, can count sixty-three shipmasters in the era of sail.

Cape Cod's blue-water saga is etched on its myriad of tombstones and one in Eastham marks its high point.

Freeman Hatch 1820-1889

He became famous making the astonishing passage in the clipper ship *Northern Light* from San Francisco in 76 days 6 hours an achievement won by no mortal before or since.

Cape men built some of those renowned square-riggers, but they captained more. And Hatch's 'Frisco to Boston passage did not establish the only record. Asa Eldridge of Yarmouth cleared New York with the clipper *Red Jacket* on January 11, 1854. Thirteen days and an hour later she was snug at a Liverpool dock. No sailing vessel ever topped that voyage either.

In a sense Captain Eldridge wrote the last chapter of Cape Cod's sailing Odyssey. He was lost in 1855 with the *Pacific*, one of the Collins Line paddle-wheelers launched to battle Cunard supremacy.

The arrival of steam showed grimy soot on a diminishing number of white sails and, by the Civil War, British competition had virtually smothered the American merchant marine. Cape sailors came home, but they had helped forge a legend.

In spite of well-deserved acclaim during their generations at sea, most Cape Codders had little time to relax in the soft lap of luxury. The Cape boasted neither the population nor the resources to become a commercial hub. To compete in a nation which grew so gigantic so fast it was forced to rely on native ingenuity. Of that there was no shortage.

From Pilgrim times to the clipper-ship epic Cape men had fought Nature and circumstance for a livelihood. Out of that struggle evolved a folk hero. A synthesis of piety,

aloofness, and shrewd self-reliance born of necessity, he is the Cape Codder: a man who could sail a cargo of baby-cradles to the 1849 California gold rush and hawk every one at a handsome price as ore-panners. Such tales about him are legion and the Cape Codder is still an American personality.

From the 1860s until the advent of tourism Cape Cod tightened its belt another notch. Trade waned. Two centuries of hard farming had levelled its forests and tired the land. Then came the tourist.

To Cape Cod the tourist invasion has brought both prosperity and change. Cape people continue to fish, farm, and argue ferociously in town meeting. The village greens are still lovely under their ancient elms. And at Falmouth, a church bell cast by Paul Revere tolls reminders of the past to an often frantic present.

A year-round Cape population of 50,000 now bulges to over a quarter of a million in summer. Visitors from all the States and many nations swarm in to play or sponge up



A. J. Thornton



(Above) Wichmere Harbour at Harwich Port has all the authentic atmosphere of Cape Cod in the summer. (Below) The early Cape Cod cottage, with its single-storey eaves, attic bedrooms and white weatherboarded or shingled walls, has become the prototype of similar small houses all over the United States

Samuel Chamberlain





Though the clipper ships, the men who built them and the local timber they used are gone for ever, Cape Cod's numerous small shipyards now serve the yachting trade and display in their craftsmanship a glimmer of the ancient heritage of seafaring



In science and the arts Cape Cod still makes outstanding contributions to American life. Enjoying an international reputation, the Oceanographic Institution at Woods Hole (above) sends forth its research vessels to many seas; and there also the Marine Biological Laboratory (left) conducts valuable heart and cancer research. In this photograph a dogfish is being injected with red latex dye as part of the Laboratory's function in supplying study specimens to scientific teaching institutions all over the world. (Opposite) Many well-known American artists and writers have made their homes in Cape Cod and a number of New York's most famous actors and producers help to stage an annual season of theatrical performances which, among other attractions, brings over 200,000 summer visitors to the Cape

the unmistakable New England atmosphere. They swim, sail and blister on the miles of brilliant beach. They gulp Cotuit oysters and watch their shore dinner being unloaded by a small but active trawling fleet. They infest antique shops in a relentless hunt for Sandwich glass, whaling gear, scrimshaw, or battered sea-chests. And, on the Cape or at home, some of them are bound to build a Cape Cod cottage.

The colonist built his cottage to take all that capricious Yankee weather could deliver. Devonshire-inspired, it was a shingled storey-and-a-half tall, capped with a salt-box roof. Originally lit by whale-oil and heated by a single immense fireplace, this sturdy and attractive dwelling has travelled the years to become one of America's most popular architectural prototypes. Between Chatham and Hollywood there are undoubtedly more Cape Cod cottages than there ever were Cape Codders.

It would be fallacious to say that all the Cape's recent changes have been by and for the tourist. Beyond its appeal as a playground Cape Cod has much else to be proud of. It plays host to a vital jet aircraft base. With neighbouring Plymouth County it grows three-quarters of the world's cranberry crop. Moreover, it is also very aware of science and

the arts.

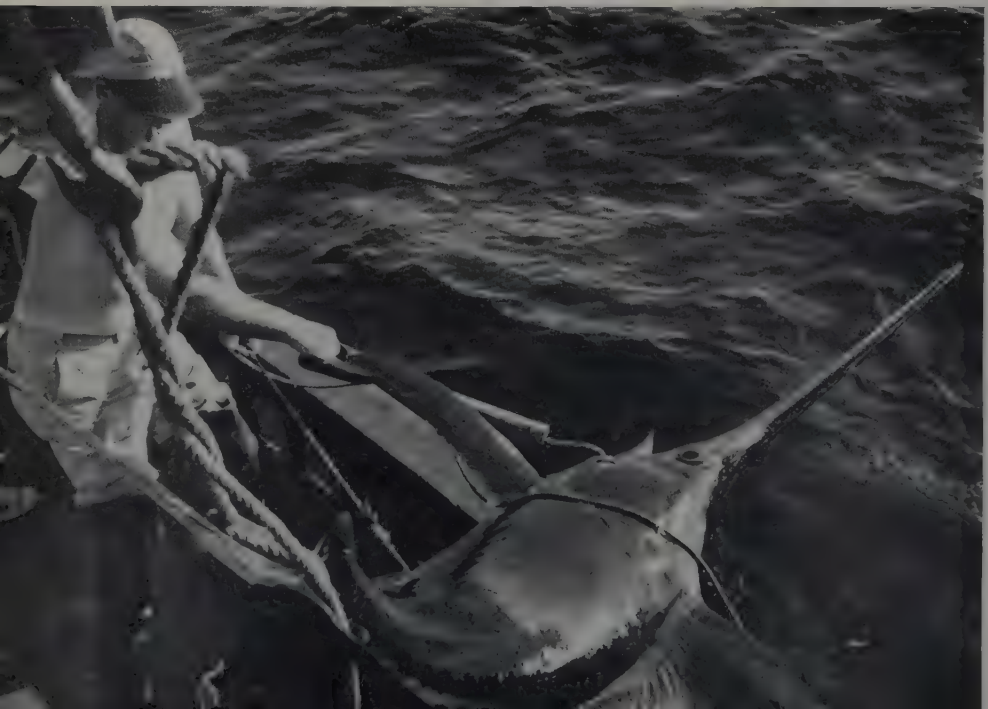
The little village of Woods Hole is a scientific bee-hive of international reputation. Here the Oceanographic Institution studies the enigmatic sea and its research vessels are familiar to a hundred ports that once may well have sheltered a voyaging Cape master. The Marine Biological Laboratory welcomes dozens of great names in science. The 1937 Nobel Prize winner in medicine and physiology, Dr Albert G. Szent-Gyorgyi, conducts his work there and to many honours recently added a Lasker Foundation Award for "distinguished achievement in the field of cardiovascular research". Now the United States Fish and Wildlife Service is enlarging its Woods Hole station to be one of the most modern of these government agencies.

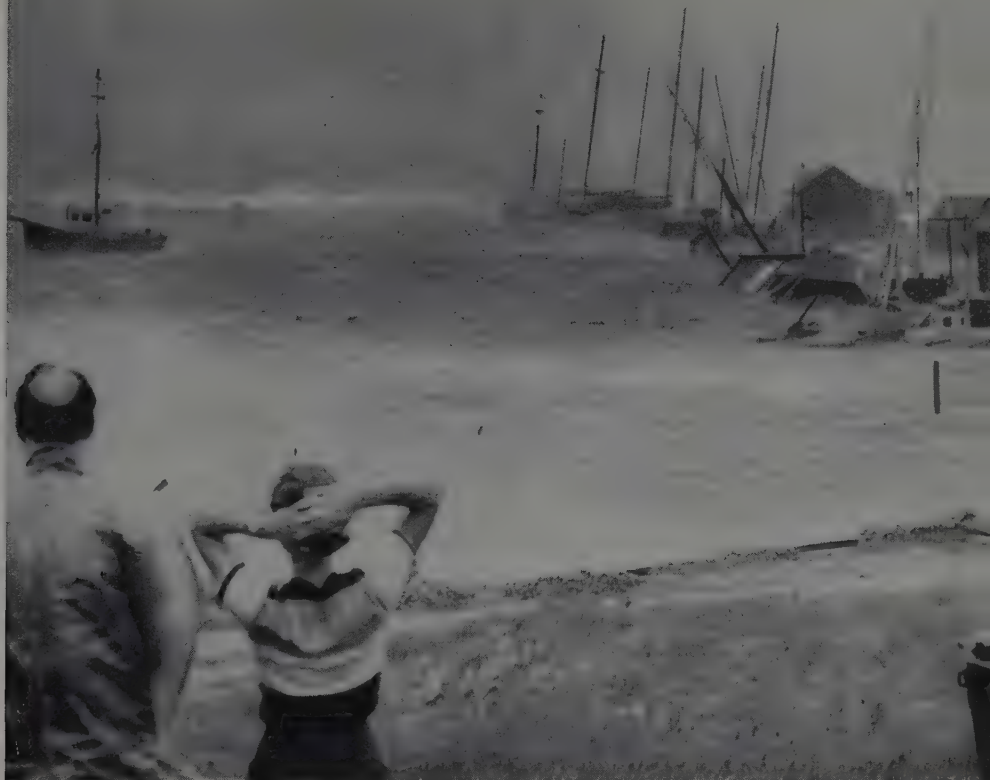
For the artist Cape Cod seems to sing a siren song. Painters, writers, actors, handicrafters of all kinds succumb to its charms in droves. Every town has its creative colony. Eugene O'Neill laboured at Provincetown and more contemporary lights can be uncovered all over the Cape and its nearby islands Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. Through the summer months Cape theatres come to life and the Cape Codder can take Helen Hayes or Shirley Booth with his clam chowder.





(Above) During the summer holiday-makers dominate the waters where once Cape Codders herded whales inshore onto the sandbanks. (Below) Sea-fishing, however, is still actively pursued: not only by summer visitors, for it can be lucrative—a swordfish may be marketed at 50 cents or more a pound





The exposed coast of Cape Cod has recently been devastated by several hurricanes. This scene on Martha's Vineyard in August 1954 shows yachts being battered and buildings toppling into the sea

Associated P

On the Cape as on Broadway "the show must go on", but 1954 saw that overworked truism badly mauled. Just before Labour Day fickle Nature delivered hurricane Carol and in the next six weeks produced two more.

Cape Cod was not braced for Carol. Only storm warnings were displayed and when the 100-knot wind shrieked down-Cape it carved a swath of death and left a shambles. Boats splintered a half-mile inland. Houses disintegrated. Transportation and public services were knocked out. The National Guard moved onto a stricken Cape.

The Cape dug itself out of ruin only to be hit by mid-September's Hazel. Fortunately she was less nasty than her elder sister and Edna, last of the ill-tempered triplets, vented the worst of her wrath inland during October.

The storms dealt Cape Cod a backbreaking clout. New England does not build for hurricanes. One which tracks into that region is

considered a phenomenon of the first rank and in the eighteen years prior to 1954 only two ran amok to strike so far north.

Three hurricanes in one season may have shaken the Cape's faith in weather patterns, but not its spirit. Few signs of carnage remain a year later and the Cape Codder doesn't indulge in pessimism. In fact his attitude toward adversity is nicely summed up by the Cape salt who berthed after a two-year whaling expedition and, when asked how many whales, replied: "None, but we had a damned fine sail."

A writer of some stature in the United States recently wrote that "Cape Cod is the longest sandspit in the world covered with jack pine." He may have a point, but he neglected to mention what the Cape symbolizes: the many facets of her heritage that America can see among the sand and scrub.

The Sardinian Heritage

by DOROTHY CARRINGTON

An exhibition of proto-Sardinian bronze statuettes, organized by the Arts Council, was held in London, Oxford and Cambridge last year, attracting attention well beyond artistic and archaeological circles. Those who saw it will be particularly interested to read this description of the physical and cultural legacy bequeathed by the makers of the statuettes to the modern Sardinians

WHEN I first went to Sardinia what most impressed me was the people. The landscape of wide rolling plains stretching to flat-topped mountains, arid, rocky, treeless and intensively cultivated, is disappointing; the villages, with their low plastered houses, plain as shoe-boxes, seem poor and forbidding. But their inhabitants attract and hold attention. Passing through a Sardinian village one seems to look into the illustrated pages of a travel book of a century ago, of that colourful period when the tourist knew each province of Europe by its costume. The Sar-

dinian peasants still habitually wear some form of national dress. The striking feature of that of the men is the *berritta*, a black woollen cap like a stocking without its foot. Worn with clothes of the same material it gives them a dashingly distinguished air. The women have reduced their national dress, for everyday wear, to a single garment: a wide piece of material, pinned to the head, which falls to just below the hips, serving at once as headdress and cloak. Hanging over dresses that are invariably straight narrow tunics it makes them appear archaic figures, like sibyls or priestesses of the ancient world.

The physical type of the Sardinians is in keeping with the strangeness of their dress. Hard conditions of life have evolved a slim, well-proportioned people, whose slimmness emphasises their peculiar bone structure. Their features are amazingly alike, as though they had intermarried for centuries, which may indeed be true. Everywhere one sees the same face: a long straight prominent nose is set in a very long narrow head; the forehead and chin are short and vertical. By classical standards it is not a beautiful face, but it is positive and arresting, and one that has no parallel in continental Italy or elsewhere.

In the Sardinian museums I became aware of its origin. Here one can see the bronze statuettes moulded by the proto-Sardinians, that race which occupied the island from pre-historic times up till the Roman conquest, and which left the numerous large stone fortresses, known as *nuraghi*, that are so striking a feature of the Sardinian landscape. These figures bear an astonishing resemblance to the Sardinian peasants of today. Slim and well made, practically without exception they have the same long salient nose, the long narrow head, the short straight forehead and chin. One would be tempted to think that the repetition of this face was a deliberate stylization in "nuragic" art, had one not seen it repeated over and over again, in life, in every Sardinian village. Much foreign blood has come to Sardinia through the ages: Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Arabs,



A. J. Thornton



The nuraghe of St Antine near Torralba is one of the finest of the many prehistoric monuments remaining in Sardinia; only its central tower remains, two flanking ones having fallen in. These fortresses which rise dramatically from the bleak plains once stood guard over primitive villages

Pisans, Genoese and Spaniards in turn occupied the island before it fell in 1718 to the Dukes of Savoy. But while these peoples have left the imprints of their civilizations, they do not seem to have affected the race. Perhaps intermarriage with the local population was infrequent, or perhaps the proto-Sardinians, like the Chinese, were of a stock so vital as to absorb all foreign strains.

Theirs was a civilization, only recently brought to light, which existed in Sardinia, and apparently nowhere else, from 1500 B.C. to the time of the Roman conquest, reaching its peak between 800 and 500 B.C. More than six thousand nuraghi have been found, massive stone fortresses rising bolt from the vacant landscape like surrealist edifices in the paintings of Salvador Dali. Some are simple conical towers; others, like that of St Antine, near Torralba, are complex structures of several towers with superimposed vaulted chambers linked by an intricate system of twisting passages and spiral staircases, the whole being enclosed by fortifications. Their masonry is astounding: the stones, rectangular

and skilfully hewn, are set in horizontal courses without mortar; some are as large as six feet by four, and up to three feet deep. Their construction implies immense patience and labour, and a highly disciplined communal effort.

These prodigious strongholds represent a society which was in fact vigorous enough to survive the Phoenician-Carthaginian occupation and only went down under the repeated battering of the Romans. Experts are now generally agreed that the more complex of the fortresses were built under Carthaginian supervision, the local population being invaluable allies against the Roman invaders. Livy relates that in 215 B.C., some twenty years after the Romans had theoretically taken possession of the island, a great Sardinian chieftain, Amsicora, rose in revolt, aided by the Carthaginians. But a Punic fleet, dispersed by storms, failed to bring expected reinforcements, and in a desperate battle the Carthaginian-Sardinian troops were routed by Torquatus Manlius. Amsicora fled to a tribe of the interior described as the *Sardi pelliti*—the Sardinians dressed in skins;

mountain tribesmen, evidently, who, like the shepherds of those regions today, wore sheepskin cloaks. When the news was brought to him that his son, Hostius, had been killed in battle, he committed suicide. In this brutal campaign the indigenous population was decisively crushed. Many thousands, it is related, became prisoners and slaves; others, like Amsicora, took to the mountains, there to maintain, for a few years longer, a hopeless, bitter resistance.

The Sardinians have preserved these virtues of courage and discipline of their ancestors. They are today the most respected of Italian

A "nuragic" statuette of an archer, wearing the horned headdress of a warrior often seen on these bronze figures, which also have profiles characteristic of Sardinian peasants today

From the author



troops, and their stormy history furnishes many proofs of their valour. Until the post-war years, when the Rockefeller Institute freed the island from a particularly virulent type of malaria, much of it was uninhabited and untilled. The intensive agriculture that has changed the face of Sardinia within the last decade is a feat on the scale of the building of the nuraghi.

But the legacy of the proto-Sardinians can best be judged by their bronze statuettes, small and beautiful works of art of an astonishing vitality. Their proportions are deformed, but this distortion is not due to the clumsiness of their creators, nor to their fantasy, but to their intention of accentuating the distinctive character of each subject. By their understanding of elimination, their ruthless concentration on the essence of their vision, they have much in common with the best modern artists.

They portray a race preoccupied, above all, with hunting and war: warriors armed with swords and daggers and pikes and circular shields; hunters armed with bows and arrows, sometimes on horseback. The women are usually shown as mothers, with children on their knees, or else standing, imposing, impassive figures, wearing a headdress-cloak over a tight tunic extremely similar to those worn by the peasant women of today. These majestic draped figures, these primitive Madonnas, it is now generally agreed, represent high-priestesses, or goddesses, the Mother Goddess or Goddess of Fertility, who was the supreme nuragic deity. Indeed it is now thought, by Christian Zervos and other authorities, that all these figures have a religious, symbolic significance. None the less what is most surprising about them is their close relation to daily life, a daily life, moreover, of which many elements have survived. A woman is shown carrying a jar of water on her head, just as women still carry water in any Sardinian village. Another, defined as the God-



All photographs by

Sardinian peasants, like their "nuragic" ancestors before the Roman conquest, spend much of their time on horseback, whether riding to work or rounding up their long-haired mountain sheep whose movements raise clouds of dust in this arid landscape. The peasants seldom wear their national costume at work, but keep it to change into after working hours in the villages

An old peasant woman wearing a headdress-cloak similar to that worn by the high-priestesses of nuragic times, which gives her the air of a sybil of some ancient civilization. Ugly and new by contrast, the wall and fountain are equally typical of many Sardinian villages, rebuilt on formerly malaria-infested land





Two young peasants in local costume: they wear the berritta or stocking cap, short jackets of the same black wool, with gourds for water slung over their shoulders. The man on the right has the long straight prominent nose which is a common feature in Sardinia, while his companion looks more Italian



A group of Sardinian girls in feast-day costumes, each in the special dress of her village. Two from the mountain village of Orgosolo wear headdresses of stiffened beige linen which suggest Arab influence, while their aprons embroidered with stylized lotus flowers have an Egyptian air: a motif probably brought to Sardinia by the Carthaginians. The skirts, of bright green wool with a narrow band of scarlet at the hem, and the jackets, of black velvet with scarlet sleeves slashed with yellow and blue, are instances of the hard, bright and daringly combined colours of the mountain costumes, products of local secrets of dyeing handed down for many generations

A girl in the carnival dress of Osilo, a village near Sassari. Her headdress is of white wool heavily embroidered with multi-coloured flowers. A band of similar embroidery makes the deep hemline of her crimson pleated woollen skirt (see the opposite page). Clothes such as these, the most treasured possession of a Sardinian girl, may take years to make and be worth about £600. Unlike most Mediterranean peasants, the men of Sardinia allow the women to engage mainly in indoor occupations and do little work on the land—hence their pale, flawless skins



The carnival costume of a girl from Ittiri, a village near the coast in the north-west of Sardinia, shows a mingling of Spanish and Arab influences: the white lace headshawl suggests the Spanish mantilla, while the silver filigree balls that hang from her gold-embroidered cuffs are Arab in style





The central figure in a procession on the last Sunday of the carnival at Oristano wears the lace veil of a bride together with a man's riding dress and top-hat. She rides impersonally with a richly caparisoned horse, part goddess of fertility, part conquering knight, to bless the people with her wand



One of the Mammuthones from the mountain village of Mamoiada; the black wooden mask recalls the nuragic statuettes yet caricatures the modern Sardinian face. Dressed in shaggy sheepskins with a load of bells strapped to his back, this man takes part in the outstanding dance of the festival at Sassari

ness of Fertility, carries a basket of vegetables; the low round basket is of exactly the same shape as those still made and used on the island. A man holds a flat round cake in his outstretched hand; an offering to the deities, no doubt, but also the same sort of cake that one can buy in the Sardinian markets. The commanding male figures, cloaks on shoulders, staves in hand, daggers slung to their breasts, may represent high-priests, but they also look remarkably like some present-day Sardinian shepherds. The cloak has survived the centuries. So have the other items of nuragic male dress: a short stiff skirt, and gaiters. The skirt appears as the *ragas* worn by Sardinian peasants on feast days with gaiters and baggy trousers.

In spite of their hard warlike existence, the builders of the nuraghi were a people unusually gifted in art and craftsmanship. Besides their bronze statuettes they created elegant jewellery in bronze and silver and bone, some magnificent bronze ornaments, such as vases and candelabra, and pottery of varied and complex design. They were also musicians. Their statuettes show players of reed pipes, tambourines and horns. This music, it is said, was religious, the accompaniment of seasonal processions and orgiastic fertility dances. The reed pipe subsisted in Sardinia with- in living memory. The peasants still play and sing traditional music, dance traditional dances, which they prefer to the modern varieties, and until very recently their instrument was the reed pipe which can hardly have changed since nuragic times.

An opportunity to hear this traditional music, to see the full scope of local dancing and costume, was offered to me by an invitation to the Cavalcata Sarda, a popular festival which takes place yearly at Sassari on the feast of the Ascension, to which villages



From the author

A nuragic woman, probably a high-priestess or the Mother Goddess, whose headdress-cloak is the forerunner of that of the peasant in the second photograph of the Photogravure Section

in all parts of the island send their delegations. The knowledge that the Sardinians, almost alone among western Europeans, have preserved their traditional music, dances and dress as part of their normal life had led me to expect something more convincing



From the author

A high-priest. The sacred dagger on his breast is a symbol of office and was used to shed the blood of sacrificial animals to ensure and simulate the watering of the soil

than the usual 'folkloric' festival. But nothing had prepared me for the dazzling display that filled the drab square of Sassari on May 19. More than sixty villages were represented, each in its individual costume. While the forms of these costumes are similar—that of

the women consisting of a long full skirt, apron, blouse, short jacket or bolero and head-shawl; that of the men of the berritta, a short jacket, or cloak, ragas, baggy trousers and gaiters—the variation of colour and material in the women's dresses is bewildering. Bold and successful colour-schemes in every shade of scarlet, crimson, violet and purple, combined with dark and sky blue and yellow, are carried out in daring juxtapositions of luxurious materials: velvets and cut velvets, silks and satins and fine wools and lace. The wools and velvets are often heavily embroidered with patterns in gold thread embossed in high relief, or flowers and geometric designs in brilliant multi-coloured silks, while authentic gold and silver jewellery, usually in the form of filigree balls or discs, often loads the sleeves and necklines.

These sumptuous costumes, from which the great dressmakers could well draw inspiration, may be regarded as the flowering, through the centuries, of the tradition of artistic craftsmanship inherited from the proto-Sardinians. They reflect, too, the subsequent civilizations that have come to the island. Those of the coastal villages show a strong Spanish influence; the frothy white lace veils of the women recall the mantilla, while the men of Teulada wear grey sombreros. The costumes of Sant' Antioco, on the other hand, have an Oriental flavour, which may be explained by the fact that this little island off the south-west of Sardinia was in turn a centre of Carthaginian, Roman, and Arab occupations. The flowing headdresses of black pleated material mounted on triangular gold-embroidered bands give the women an Egyptian allure, as they recline, immobile, in ox-wagons decked with palm-leaves,

queenly as Cleopatra in her barge. The women's costumes of the village of Orgosolo near Nuoro also point to ancient Oriental origins. The headdress is of stiffened beige linen, folded to cover mouth and cheeks. One would suppose it to be a legacy

from the Arabs. Their aprons, however, are embroidered with lotus flowers, a motif which, it would seem, can only have been brought to the Sardinian highlands by the Carthaginians.

But the question most immediately raised by the fabulous spectacle of the Cavalcata is how the inhabitants of the poor comfortless Sardinian villages are able to produce clothes of such splendour. Since it is usual for them to be buried in their costumes, these must be made afresh by each generation. A woman's dress may take five to seven years to make; a girl will normally begin her dress at fourteen or fifteen so as to have it ready for her *début* into society at nineteen or twenty. Worn on Sundays and feast-days, it is her most valued and valuable possession. Its cost, one is told, may amount to £600 or £700. This however would seem difficult to estimate, since many of the materials are woven and dyed locally, a fact which accounts for their exceptional quality. Such are the *orbace*, the very fine, hard Sardinian wool, the laces and linens, and the velvets woven at Cagliari.

The magnificence of the women's costumes, which far surpasses that of the men's, certainly suggests that Sardinian women enjoy an unusually privileged position in comparison with peasant women in other Mediterranean countries. True, they make the dresses themselves, but it is indeed surprising, after acquaintance with Corsica and Italy, to find that they are not put to more profitable work. Moreover the gold thread, and the silks and satins imported from the continent, must eat up a large part of the meagre family income. In Sardinia the women can sew and weave and dye and embroider while the men till the soil to pay for their creations—apparently without resentment. Peasants watching the Cavalcata point with pride to the splendour of their women, the grandeur of their bearing. "Like great ladies!" they exclaim, "Like aristocrats!" It is as though some atavistic

memory of the supreme female deity of nuragic times still haunted their consciousness.

The cult of the Goddess of Fertility, as far as is known, was widespread in pagan Europe, but among the Sardinians, a people unusually attached to tradition, its influence seems to have lingered on more obviously than elsewhere. This primeval deity still makes her appearance, if curiously camouflaged, in the strange ceremony performed on the last Sunday of the carnival at Oristano. A pro-

A bronze group of a mother and child; the female figure is almost certainly the Mother Goddess or Goddess of Fertility who was the supreme deity of the nuragic civilization

From the author



cession of drummers, horsemen, and women carrying baskets of rose-petals accompanies three masked mounted figures through the streets. The central figure wears a man's riding dress, a top-hat, and under the hat, incongruously, a white lace veil like that of a bride. Showered with rose-petals by the attendant women she rides forward into the crowd and blesses it with a wand. The wand, of red velvet, gold-embroidered, is in keeping with the luxury of the rest of the costumes, which are in the 17th-century style, the drummers wearing white satin suits and white ostrich-plumed hats, the cavaliers resplendent in scarlet, yellow and azure satin with bright pink plumes.

Explanations of this fantastic performance are confused. The central figure represents a bride, one is told; she blesses the people with a magic wand to calm them after the excesses of the carnival. According to this interpretation the ceremony would be a relic of an ancient pagan rite, the bride representing the Goddess of Fertility, rejuvenated at this period of the spring, who blessed the crowd after a symbolic orgiastic festival. But this person is also a man and a warrior, the Sardinians point out, and the ceremony commemorates a historical victory of the knights of Oristano. In fact, it would seem that the historical pageant has been grafted on to the ancient pagan festival, the modern conception of the male hero being combined with that of the ancient Fertility Goddess, while the costume has remained that of the 17th century, the period at which the ceremony ceased to evolve.

The Cavalcata ends with its dances, three nights running, in the squares of Sassari. Those of the mountain villages, particularly, are dynamic, with leaping and stamping steps reminiscent of the dances of the Caucasus. The accompaniment is a strange wailing music, attributed to the Arabs, but which may well have older origins, for its resemblance to Arab music is open to question. The reed pipe, unfortunately, has been recently superseded by the accordion.

The dance of the mountain village of Ollolai is remarkable for its violence and extremely primitive form. It is the ancient follow-my-leader dance: a procession of men and women, linked hand in hand, led by a woman, winds and unwinds in a spiral pattern to a rhythm alternately relaxed and frenzied. Professor Margaret Murray has shown that this dance derives from an ancient pagan rite, was habitually performed by the mediaeval witches, and has survived in different forms in various European countries;

in England, for instance, in the old May Day festivities. It can be detected, too, in the *Granitola*, a religious procession performed in Corsica on the feasts of the Assumption and the Nativity of the Virgin, which follows the same spiral pattern, the leading woman being replaced by the statue of the Virgin. The Virgin, here, has inherited the position of the Mother Goddess, who was the central figure in the ritualistic dance of pagan times.

Even more impressive is the dance of the *Mammuthones*, the outstanding item of the whole Cavalcata. This is a delegation of men from the neighbouring village of Mamoiada dressed in shaggy sheepskins. On their backs they carry loads of bells, like sheep's bells, but with bones as tongues. On their faces they wear wooden masks, painted black. The sharp profile is an exaggeration of their own: the authentic profile of the nuragic statuettes. Their dance is a procession, without musical accompaniment, each step a leap which sends the bells thudding with a dry, sinister sound. Nothing stranger exists in Central Africa. They are followed by men dressed in red and white, with white-painted masks and lassos with which they lasso members of the watching crowd.

Again explanations are uncertain. According to the tradition of Mamoiada the skyclad figures represent the first inhabitants of Sardinia; their dance is a war-dance and the figures following them are their conquerors, their lassos being the symbol of their domination of the population. It is easy to jump to conclusions: that the *Mammuthones* are descendants of the "Sardi pelliti", the mountain tribesmen dressed in skins to whom Amisicora fled in his defeat; that their dance commemorates the final submission of the indigenous population. The traditions of such isolated villages should not be discounted and the event, after all, occurred only some fifty-five generations ago.

In the absence of scientific ethnographical research one is obliged to fall back on conjecture. One can only hope that the archaeological research which has revealed, within recent years, the civilization of the proto-Sardinians, will be followed by a methodical study of the popular arts and festivals of their descendants. These are above all a people, devoted to their traditions, who have preserved, through more than two thousand years of wars and foreign occupations, not only the physical type of their ancestors but their gifts and virtues; perhaps, also, vestiges of their music and dances; and, deep in the sub-conscious, shadows of their fundamental beliefs.

The Flight of the Eagles

II. Resettlement in the Vojvodina

by JOHN USBORNE

Pronounce c like ts; é and e
like tch; j like y; š like sh;
z like j in Fr. "jour"

This is the second of two articles in which the author describes a movement of farmers within the Yugoslav frontiers: from beautiful but infertile Montenegro to the rich plains of the Vojvodina. The articles appear in that sequence but reverse, as will be seen, the order of Mr Usborne's own journeys, which began with a visit to an Agricultural Collective Community in the new territory

It took me a good six hours through the night to reach Lovćenac from Belgrade; and because the long uncomfortable journey and the cold air from these vast Vojvodina plains had undermined my morale, I asked myself what streak of madness had led me to choose such a remote village when I could have asked the embassy in London to arrange for me a visit to a Collective Farm within convenient distance of Belgrade that was typical of the Vojvodina.

In fact I had chosen it for two reasons. I had read in an American agricultural magazine a highly critical account of a visit in 1950 to Lovćenac and its Collective. This was the first of its kind I had ever heard mentioned by name. Secondly, because all the Lovćenac people were from Montenegro. I hoped when I had finished with Belgrade and northern Serbia to make my way south to Montenegro, a country, for me, charged with mystery and romance, violence and unsurpassed beauty. I had heard that of the 45,000 families which had moved to the fertile Vojvodina plains since the end of the last war, poor, infertile, beautiful Montenegro had contributed easily the most of all the constituent Yugoslav republics and it made me both curious to see what some of Europe's most primitive peasants were making of their new setting and anxious to explore the country they had loved and left.

Evidently the reception committee that I had been led by the appropriate office in Belgrade to expect had decided that six in the morning was an indecent time to receive anyone. Apart from a few peasant families who had got out of the train with me there was no sign of life in Lovćenac. And furthermore there seemed to be nothing to Lovćenac except a platform, a waiting-room, a ticket office and a dusty station yard, all surrounded by an endless flatness of ripening maize. There were two sizeable horse-drawn buses in the yard steadily filling up with the

peasantry from my train and it occurred to me that Lovćenac might be where they were going; so I jumped into a seat that had been left vacant next to the driver, a handsome old patriarch with a huge moustache and a leather-peaked cap of some black rainproof material.

I arrived eventually at the end of a long dusty road through the maize. Here, grouped round a cross-roads, were a number of pleasant-looking houses: the headquarters, no doubt, of the Agricultural Collective Community of Lovćenac. But as for the community, there was not a soul to be seen. I spoke, in my halting way, to the driver of the bus. He led me down the right-hand road to a large central-looking square made up of important-looking buildings adorned by well-kept gardens. And he left me standing and shivering when he disappeared into one of them. A few minutes later—it was now just past 6.30—I was eating breakfast in a restaurant which, surprisingly enough, was open on what I now, having lost count of the days in my wanderings, remembered was Sunday morning.

I was beginning to feel warmed by coffee and brandy and more generously disposed towards the human race when a wiry little man in an old straw hat came and shook me by the hand and spoke English with a broad American accent. He had been fetched from his house by the bus driver and was "mighty glad to be shaking the hand of an Englishman". After sharing a half-litre bottle of excellent brown ale with me he walked me through the village for about half a mile to his house.

His name was John Kasanegre and he was sixty-eight. As we walked he began to tell me the story of how he had come to Lovćenac, a story, he assured me, that was not untypical, a story that he completed for me over the next thirty-six hours of my visit. Born in southern Montenegro in a small village where

his ancestors, in the intervals between killing and being killed by successive waves of Turks, Venetians, Austrians and French, had barely subsisted on the thin soil that was left on those rugged limestone rocks, he had followed the lead of many of his friends and relatives to America when the Austrians tried to conscript him into the army. "Funny thing," he said, "I was way out West some place and the money was beginning to come in good when I turned round and came back!" "All the way back to Montenegro?" I asked. "Yeah," said John with a harsh cackle, "those goddammed Germans! All us Montenegro fellers that had run away from the Austrians went back to fight the Germans. Crazy lot of fellers, the whole bunch of us, but there we were, fighting them Germans.

"Come and meet my old woman," he said suddenly, "she looks after me pretty good, my old woman does." I was very tired and not very alert to the spirit of the place as we

walked away from the centre up a slight slope through wide, grass-fringed streets, sometimes dispersing a flock of geese or some long-snouted Mongol pigs or two or three tethered sheep, but seldom meeting a human being. It seemed at first impression, anyhow, no different from thousands of European villages and it reminded me of some of the villages I had known as a child down in south-east Sussex. The houses themselves, from the outside, looked well built and moderately spacious; certainly the sort of extreme poverty I had been warned about was not in evidence in Lovćenac.

At his house John very hospitably persuaded me to sleep for a while. Two hours later I emerged into the fierce light of a blazing morning to find John, his "old woman", his daughter, her husband, a woman of about thirty from across the street and an errant piglet waiting for me on the veranda. As soon as I appeared and had exchanged politenesses with Mrs Kasanegre, she busied herself with the most serious ritual of coffee-making. As the heavenly smell of roasting beans and then of grinding issued from the house, John Kasanegre introduced me to his family and the neighbour. He had had two sons, he said. But the Germans had killed them both near Belgrade, the one by execution in a mass reprisal and the other in battle. His daughter, Milica, had been a partisan too and had got through safely. Her husband, Mirko, was, as he put it, "quite a big guy"; he was a qualified tractor driver, a man with a diploma who earned about 450 dinars a day (840=£1. Basic worker's monthly wage: 8000 dinars a month). John was obviously proud of him. Jovanka, the neighbour, would have looked appropriate on the Parthenon frieze. "She was a partisan down in Montenegro," John explained, "and stood by her brother as he was sniping at the Italians. When he was suddenly shot dead from behind, she immediately took up his rifle and killed several of those devils before they got her. They put her in prison but she escaped O.K. and took to the mountains again. Yeah, she sure hates those devils, but she's a good girl and

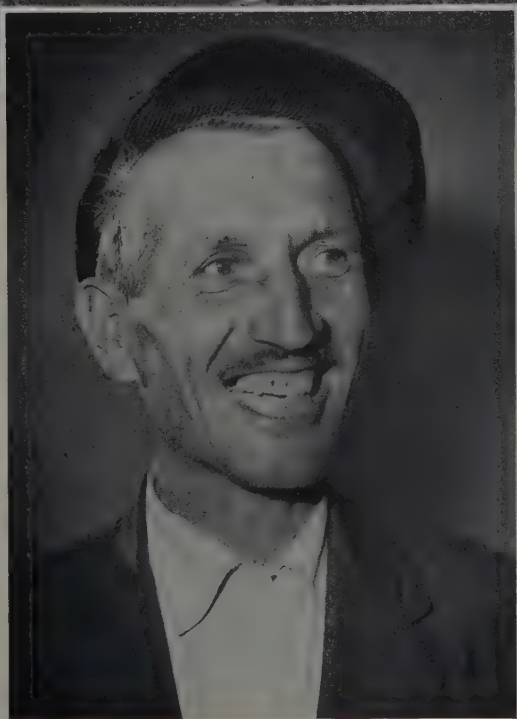


A. J. Thornton



All photographs, except one, from the Yugoslav Photo Agency

(Above) The village of Lovćenac is inhabited largely by Montenegrin peasants who have been resettled during the last twenty years in the rich, productive Vojvodina plain because their own country is too poor, too crowded and too infertile to support its population. Many thousands of such Montenegrins are now living in new villages in the Vojvodina, working state-sponsored Collective Farms and making—as they never did at home—a good living from the land. (Right) Niko Perović, one of the resettled Montenegrins, is a member of the local zadruga or Collective organization





Library of the Yugoslav Embassy

Harvesting on the Collective Farms in the Vojvodina is done by 'work brigades'. (Above) In the case of the larger fields teams of tractor-drawn reapers are often used, whereas on the smaller holdings (below), which may be privately owned, there is little mechanization and reaping is still done by hand





(Above) Swiss Simmental cattle, here seen on the Lovcenac zadruha, are common in the Vojvodina but dairy breeds more appropriate to the country are being introduced. (Below) Another example of the improvement of livestock: Large White pigs, imported by air from England, feeding on the Lovćenac farm





(Above) Transporting grain to the Government stores in Lovćenac where farmers are assured a fair price. (Left) No farmer may drive a tractor until he has qualified and earned a diploma after training in machinery shops such as this one, where two young Montenegrins are being given instruction by a skilled mechanic on how to maintain and repair tractors

she got a good pension and a nice little cottage and she helps my old woman in return for food and a bit of coal and sometimes she helps in the offices down at headquarters. But she don't like it in those stuffy offices; she's happy with animals. She's a real good Montenegrin peasant and she's not going to be bossed into anything she don't like."

When I had drunk the old woman's superb coffee and eaten several slices of home-baked bread with home-made sheep's milk cheese, I was ready to walk down to the village again and begin my tour of the Collective Farm. On the way through the garden John told me he was given his house soon after the war, as a reward, he supposed, for having lost his two sons and for having himself come back from the States to offer his ageing body in the service of Montenegro and the Liberation. He still missed his native mountains—he always would—but it was good land up here in the Vojvodina, and the committees had always treated him very well. "I'm a member of a work brigade in a large orchard. I like it O.K. but I'm sixty-eight, see, and I don't always feel like work. So I spend a lot of my time up here on my own little piece of land. I grow all I need for the house and, aside from a little grain in bad years, all I need for the stock in the yard. My old woman kills a couple of sheep a year after she's taken quite a load of wool off them. She salts them down and we get plenty of meat through the year. I'm lucky with poultry. You see we're near Hungary and that means we get that goddammed fowl pest. Last year almost the whole fowl population in the village had to be slaughtered. But mine seem O.K. And then I get the Old Age Pension. Oh yeah, I'm O.K. It's good up here, even if it's pretty goddammed flat and I sometimes ache to see a real mountain, hundreds of them, in fact, great big mountains for miles all round, like we had back home in Montenegro. But you can't do nothing with them mountains except look at them and use them for fighting; and Gee, what a country for fighting . . . best country in the world for fighting . . ."

It was about 11.30 when we reached the main square of the village and very hot. By now there were several groups of people gossiping under the limes and poplars and sitting reading the Sunday papers on benches in the gardens. We entered the restaurant where I had had my breakfast about five hours earlier and took the last vacant table. As we wove our way between the tables John picked up two young men and asked them to join us. The

one, a burly, swarthy man with huge hands and a conventional bow-shaped moustache, was thirty-year-old Luka Petričević, the other Marko Popivoda, three years older. The former was the recently elected president of the whole Collective, equivalent, it seemed, to an English Chairman of Rural District Council with a few Mayoral additions. When he had given me a little formal speech of welcome in which he called me Comrade (Drugé) and expressed his sorrow that he and his committee had been unable to meet me at the station, he relaxed quickly and ordered a round of beers. I had a lot to ask him, but he and his friend seemed to be keener to find out about England than explain Lovćenac and its Collective Farm. There was no doubt that they both had a great admiration for us and our institutions, but they seemed often to differ between them as to the measure of our capitalist guilt. When I tried to justify our New Imperialism in terms of such progressive enterprises as the Colombo Plan and the Sudan Gezira Scheme, Luka was impressed and pleased. He seemed to believe that Britain in the long run was a benefit to the backward peoples of the world, whereas Marko banged the table and insisted that in the first place British Imperialism was always calculated primarily to benefit the British and secondly that, as Marx and Lenin had taught, all Imperialism led ultimately to war. I had heard this sort of thing only too often at Oxford when I was an undergraduate, so I asked John to explain that, though I liked nothing better than a political discussion, I had only five weeks in which to visit all the republics except Slovenia and, alas, must learn something about Collective Farms in the Vojvodina before heading for Bosnia and the South. So, after another beer all round, we bid *au revoir* to Marko Popivoda and walked out into the sunshine. "Marko," John Kasanegre told me, "was our last President. Poor feller, he knows about farming all right. But Luka here beat him pretty easily in the last election. He was too much of a Communist, tried to boss the committee and the whole village with his Russian ideas. He forgot we're Yugoslavs, and Montenegrins at that, and we work hard when we feel like it and we work in the way that suits us and we stop working when we've got enough food or enough money to buy it. Luka here understands; he understands us just like Tito understands us and that's why we turned those Russians out. But Marko's a good feller. He earned 600 dinars a day while he was president, but he's happier



(Above) The "Zadružni Dom", the Cooperative House of the zadruga in the main square of Lovćenac. In it are the administrative offices of the Agricultural Collective, a library and the social club of the village. (Below) Members of the club relaxing, playing games or reading after a hard day's farm-work





Children in the playground of the elementary school at Lovćenac. All Montenegrin children have a fine physical heritage; but in Montenegro the girls age very young and for them, especially, the change to easier conditions and better food in the Vojvodina promises a much brighter future

earning less nearer to the old job of raising crops and fattening the pigs."

As we walked towards the fields, Luka, with John's assistance, told me many things I had been curious about. Lovćenac, he said, had, with a number of other villages in that region, been farmed almost entirely by German-speaking families until 1939. When the Vojvodina, then part of Hungary, was incorporated in Yugoslavia after World War I, nearly half its population were Magyars or Germans. Most of them were colonists brought in after the Turks were expelled at the beginning of the 18th century. As the former ruling race and a potentially disloyal element, the Magyars were disliked by the Yugoslav majority and many of them left. The German-speaking part of the population were on the whole regarded as good farmers and conscientious citizens. But with the spread of Nazi ideas they, too, aroused suspicion and resentment. In 1941 the western half was annexed by Hungary, the eastern half placed under a special form of direct German administration. In the next three years the local Germans made themselves so hated that when Hitler's army was driven

back in 1944 a large number of German civilians fled with it, and nearly all the rest were forcibly expelled. Their land was made available by the government to the new settlers. In Lovćenac itself there had been a small group of German-speaking professionals and merchants who were chiefly Jewish or of Jewish blood. These, in the course of World War II, had been annihilated by the Nazis except for a doctor who still practised in the village today. Much of the village had been destroyed. But when it had been turned over to a Collective of Montenegrins, they had rebuilt it largely as it had been before with the exception of the main administrative offices which were situated in the central square.

I then asked them how the new population had been chosen and just how much of a Collective, using the word in the Soviet sense, it was.

"We came," said Luka, "from Southern Montenegro mainly. We called the village after Mt Lovćen . . ." "Lovćen," put in John, "is one of Montenegro's most famous mountains. To our folk it's about what your Dover Cliffs are. Our great Prince-Bishop

Petar Njegoš is buried on the top of it. There's a village near here in the Vojvodina named after him." "Land is poor down Lovćen way," continued Luka, "and after the Liberation thousands of partisans and their families felt that they could serve the new regime better than by going back to the old ways. We all moved here voluntarily; we were keen to farm where the land was good and where we could be good Communists. Some who were not thoroughly conditioned to the new life felt home-sick and had to go back. But most of us fitted in well.

"Since we began here, we've seen several changes. The Russian system we found too rigid. We Montenegrins—like most Yugoslavs—must have our own private, family holdings and we like to know we can work them decently. At first all this land was state-owned. Now we've all got our own allotments and other than this much of the land inside the Collective is nominally owned privately and its produce reverts to private hands, although we have the private agencies and the state ones through which we can buy and sell. You see, this Collective is what is known as a 'general type', the commonest type up here and, indeed, the commonest now all over Yugoslavia. The estate is shared by the community, machinery is bought communally, as are all other important farm requirements; surplus produce is sold to the government which has always given us a fair price . . ." "If it doesn't," John was quick to add, "we soon start hollering and that's where Luka's job as president comes in!" Luka smiled and went on. "I'll show you our repair shops for machinery soon. And we have piggeries—incidentally we're buying Large Whites on a big scale from England and a consignment arrived only yesterday—and we have seedling nurseries, all collectivized. There's not a unit of the farm which isn't run collectively."

That afternoon and the next day I toured the estate. Luka told me it had been a very dry summer and that if they got no rain within the week 50 per cent of the maize crop would be useless. He was disturbed that the water-table had sunk several feet since 1945; it had been shockingly bad luck that since then there had not been one good harvest. Rainfall had been well below the average. Certainly the maize, big and otherwise healthy though it seemed, looked droughty; the ears needed to fill out. It was the same with the wheat.

I was interested and amused to watch, in the tractor repair shops, heavy old Hun-

garian models being peered into with the fascination of small boys by numerous squads of learner mechanics, until recently, I supposed, peasants in a country where machinery is pointless. Luka admitted that repair and maintenance was a serious problem; they were a backward people still and had a great deal to learn about The New Farming. "But, please," he asked me, "tell the English we're keen to learn. We're still very poor and need capital to get this estate to produce in the way you people or the Americans know how. But, mind you, we're novices. We're peasants. But we Montenegrins mean business. We didn't leave our lovely mountains for a joke. You see."

I think I did see. I saw, in fact, that the word Collective did not apply to Lovćenac. It seemed to me to bear a close resemblance to what I had seen in the new reclaimed lands of North Holland, with one important difference, that in view of the fact that these people were either irreligious or belonged to the one church, the Serbian Orthodox, and felt little animus towards other religious denominations, it was not necessary for them to set up, as it is in the part of Holland I knew, parallel agencies representing each religious denomination. Such extravagance here was inconceivable. But when I happened to suggest to Luka that the system in Lovćenac reminded me strongly of the Cooperative Farms in Holland and Denmark and that perhaps the Serbian word *zadruga* was better translated as Cooperative than as Collective, his Communist and anti-capitalist pride was obviously touched. I did not press the point.

Before returning to Belgrade for the next leg of my trip I said goodbye to John Kasanegre's old woman. She asked me where I was making for. "Well," I said, "eventually for Budva, Montenegro." Her eyes lit up. "Next week I go to Budva too! How are you travelling?" she asked. "Partly by train," I answered, "and partly on foot. I like walking." She smiled and looked at John. "The old woman's spending a holiday with her old sister. She's flying to Titograd and taking the bus from there. She gets a free trip. I don't know how it's done. Luka knows; it comes from his offices."

Luka, who was waiting to drive with me to the station, smiled and said something to the old woman I couldn't catch. Then he said to me: "She'll see Mt Lovćen from Budva. So will you. It's a beautiful mountain. You'll like it. All Montenegro's beautiful. You're lucky."